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# ABOUT BARBADOS.



# ABOUT BARBADOS.

EY

REV. J. Y. EDGHILL.

"THE RICHEST GEM OF ALL THE TROPIC SEAS."—*Westward Ho!*

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## PREFACE.

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*The Papers in this Volume are reprinted at the request of many friends. Two or three of them are now printed for the first time. Their interest is almost entirely of a local character, and I hope they will be useful and acceptable. If so, I shall have gained what I sought. My grateful thanks are due to the many friends who so cheerfully put their names down for copies when asked.*

*Bridgetown, 1890.*

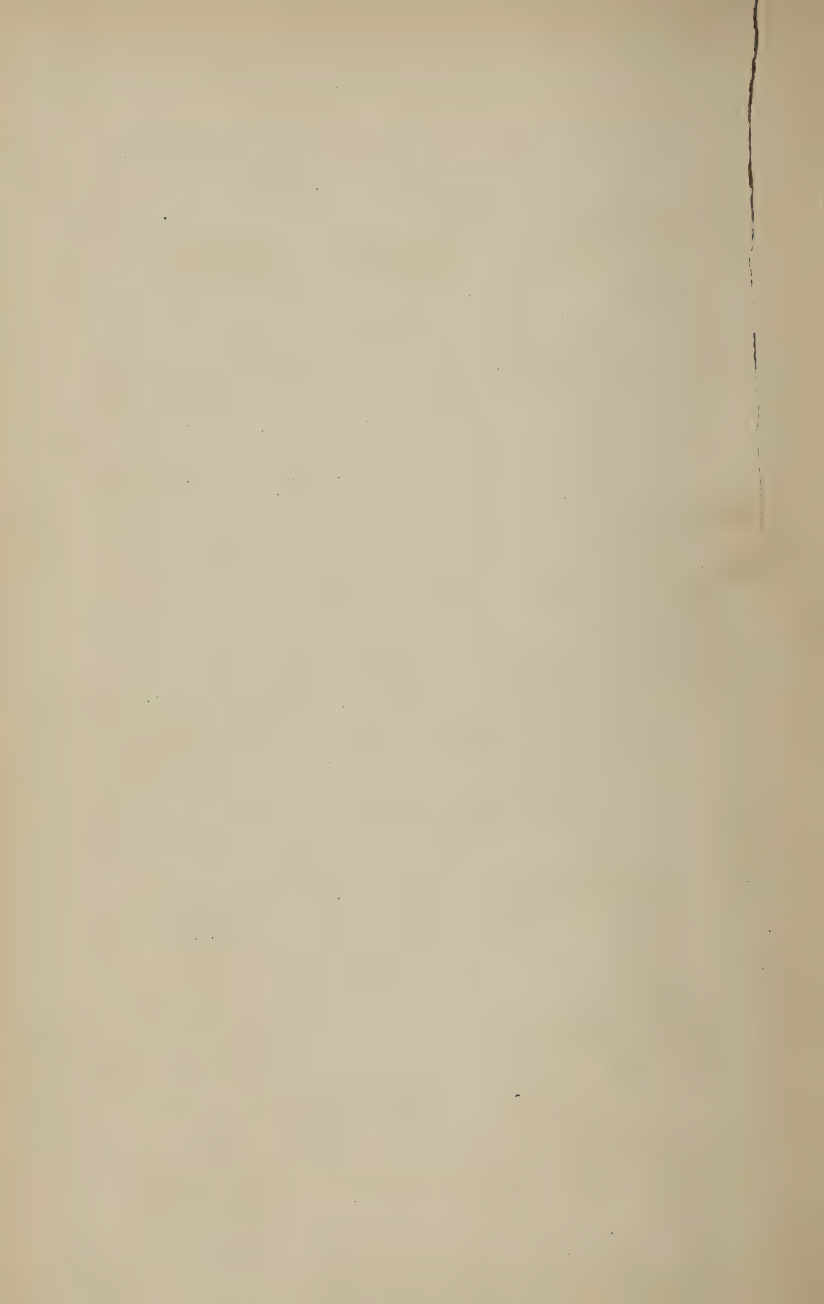




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# ABOUT BARBADOS.

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## THE PROGRESS OF LOCOMOTION IN BARBADOS.

A HISTORY of the progress of locomotion in a great country might easily be made a history of the most important events and incidents of that country. The progress of locomotion in a small island like Barbados, it may be supposed, could be written in a hundred words, but, on the other hand, there are materials sufficient to make a very readable paper. I do not purpose to write even an outline history of Barbados, but I will give the text of a lecture I delivered some years ago for the information of my young people at a missionary station.

The island, whose progress in locomotion I am going to trace, was visited by the English very early in the seventeenth century. It was called first Barbethas, then Barbadas, and very soon Barbados, as now. In 1676, Colonel Warner wrote of Barbados that his father, when he settled at St. Kitts and other islands in the west, rejected that "splendid island, Barbados, on account of the great want of water upon it naturally, yet art and industry had supplied the defect, and now myriads of people are furnished there with water." The Courteens, who were rich, and had sent out privateers to prey upon the Spaniards in the West Indies, reported that "Barbados promised much



of the nature of Brazil, was adorned with curious prospects rather than mountains, and stored with wild hogs." Accordingly, we find that Courteen and Company sent out forty emigrants in a vessel of 100 tons burthen, commanded by Captain Powell, to plant Barbados. She captured a slaver *en route* to Barbados, and brought the blacks, the first slaves, to Barbados. The first settlers found nothing on the island but wild hogs and guinea fowls. They attacked the latter so vigorously that, some years after, their destruction was prohibited by law.

We are told these early settlers suffered many privations. Among them was a young man eighteen years old, named Henry Winthrop. His letters to his father and uncle have been preserved, and are re-produced in a book written by Mr. Davis, of Demerara, and printed by Mr. Thompson, of the *Argosy*, that should be in the possession of every Barbadian. Winthrop (son) obtained land in Barbados, and planted tobacco. He sent his father some of the produce of his land, and asked his father in return to send him ten or twelve men to cultivate the soil, a chest of clothes, thirty pairs of strong three-sole shoes, wax and thread, five thousand sparrowbills, a dozen knives, a runyette of cheese, and "such other thing as you doe thinke I have nede of," and send them with speed. But Winthrop (pater) did not see his way to comply with his son's request. "I have already disbursed a great deal of money for you," he wrote; "I paid your debts when you went away, above £30, besides £4 10s. to Annott and Dixon, and now £35. Remember that I have many other children, &c. . . . This hath been alway the fruit of your vain, overreach-

ing mind, which will be your overthrow. . . . How should I provide ten such men as you write for, and disburse a matter of £200 at some three months' warning. . . . If I receive money for your tobacco I will send you something, else you must be content to stay till I can." Later on Lord Carlisle obtained from the King a grant of Barbados, and sent seventy men, under Captain Wolverstone, to take possession. But the Courteens were not so easily set aside. If the Carlisle party triumphed for a short time the Courteens obtained a reinforcement from England, and Powell seized the Governor (Wolverstone) and carried him to England. But the arrival of Captain Henry Hawley, a man of iron will, changed the state of affairs. He enticed Governor Powell on board the *Carlisle*, chained him to the mast of the vessel, and subjected him to great indignities—appointed Sir William Tufton, Governor—swore the planters to obedience—and then sailed away from Barbados. Of this owner of Barbados, Mr. Davis says:—"He got all he could, he spent all he got, and more too, and when he died he left debts to be paid, and Barbados alone to pay them." Captain Henry Hawley played a prominent part in the early history of the island. He disputed Lord Carlisle's proprietorship, and was ultimately sent to England for his "irreverent and saucy behaviour," but returned to the island, and lived here for many years in a good position. In those days men were punished by fine, imprisonment, whipping, pilloring and stigmatising, at the order of the Governor. A servant lost his ears for an offence committed by his master, who was afterwards fined for it. For swearing and

cursing the penalty was paying 4 lbs. of sugar, for not going to church 10 lbs. of cotton, for drinking and gaming on Sunday imprisonment in the stocks for four hours. In 1645 there were said to be 18,300 effective men on the island, of whom 11,200 were proprietors. There were 6,400 blacks. The first landing was at "The Hole," or "Hole Town." And this brings me to the point of what I sat down to write—locomotion in Barbados as matter of history. I do not think the facts I have given above will be unwelcome to any reader, and they lead up to my theme. The men who came first to Barbados, though Cavaliers, were poor men. They came to grow cotton and tobacco. Sugar cane was introduced by Powell in 1627, but the juice was only used for a refreshing drink, our "raw liquor," I fancy. Colonel Holdip was the first sugar-planter, and the land was held by grants of 5, 10, 20, and 30 acres to each colonist. These plantations were near the coast, and called the Fort Plantation (now St. James' Fort, with two guns in it), the Corn Plantation, Indian Bridge Plantation, Indian East Plantation, Powell's Plantation, Doncaster House, Bay Plantation, Little Bristol, Austin's, and the like. The names tell what the first locomotion in Barbados was—the legs of men—and the roads from Hole Town to The Bridge (as the capital was then called) and to Spight's (so called then) and to Austin's, all show that they were on the coast line, and on the level, for convenience.

When sheep and goats were introduced into the island they laid out the roads. Turned out from The Hole and the Fort Plantation, they crept up the neighbouring hills, and their footmarks are to be



seen to this day in Holder's Hill, Oxnard Hill, and the hills from The Hole to St. Thomas and St. Michael. Onward they went over to Fortress, Duke's, Dunscombe, and across the country, grazing along the brows of the gullies, and making trackways through the deepest of them. They were followed by their owners and keepers, who little recked they were laying out the roads of the Island. From The Bridge to Upper Roebuck Street, and from The Bridge to Hastings, it was the same ; in fact, from all the bays and coast lines it was the same. The winding roads over the island show how the sheep tracked out, and how men and women on foot followed them. When slaves were imported into the island they were the literal burden-bearers. On their heads and shoulders all commodities were conveyed from place to place. It would be interesting, if I had the time, to give particulars of that portion of our history between the death of Charles the First and the restoration of Charles the Second. Lord Willoughby of Parham was then the Cavalier Governor of Barbados, and refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of Oliver Cromwell. Under his leadership the people of Barbados refused to allow Sir George Ayscue, the nominee of Cromwell, to land, and actually kept him and his fleet at bay for a considerable time, the slaves conveying stores, supplies, and all that was needed for the defenders of the island from the Bridge to Spight's and to Austin's during all the period that the invading force was endeavouring to obtain a landing at the places mentioned.

There are some old enough to remember even yet how slaves carried "young master" and

"young mistress" long journeys on their shoulders, on visits to the distant plantations, and every day took them to and from school to The Hole, or The Bridge, or Austin's. I remember hearing from an old friend how his two-footed pony served him on one occasion. He had refused to share his lunch with the old fellow one rainy day, and when half-way between his home and the school, pony lifted him from his shoulder and seated him in a pool of water. I remember riding with my brother on the same man very often to distant relations and friends, and I distinctly remember the tricks that my frolicsome brother would play "Old Sammy" (the name of "our pony"), tricks which were sometimes taken in the best humour by the old fellow, but sometimes, too, resented with great spirit. Poor "Old Sammy!" He was full of legends, and love of his beloved Africa, and often did he make, in the evening gloom, my blood run cold, with his stories of how the devil went about on a white horse in Africa, and my heart stand still as he told us of his great battles in his native village, and the sights he saw and sufferings he endured in the Spanish ship that tore him from that land. I believe I owe my anti-slavery predilections to Sammy's eloquent (yes, they were eloquent) narratives.

After a time, mules and horses were introduced into the island, and became the means of locomotion for the better sort. The number originally imported was not large, for not many were able to pay for them. Money at that time was dear, and estates were small. The quantity of sugar manufactured was not great, and taxes were

heavy. The Carlises were needy, and they squeezed all they could out of the Colonists. Internal dissensions kept many poor. But about this time vehicles were for the first time introduced, or built on the spot. It is a legend (believed by not a few) that one famous Cavalier in the island imported four zebras to draw his carriage, as the carriage of a Roundhead was drawn by mules. I have seen on an old map somewhere four zebras represented as tethered on a pasture in the island. They looked to me, however, very much like mules painted, and I own to the infidelity of believing that they were mules, pure and simple. The horse superseded the mule very slowly, and only when the latter became more commonly used for estate purposes. I think the appearance in the island of medical gentlemen was also the time for the appearance of another means of locomotion—the open gig. A doctor, it is said, brought the first open gig to Barbados, and he made such a sensation when he appeared in it. The Stanhope and the Tilbury were in use for a long time, and it was not uncommon to see four, and even five, small people seated in one of them, the horse led by a man, or driven by one seated at the foot of the chief occupant of the gig. The top gig (a Stanhope, in fact, with a covering over it) superseded the open gig. The first I saw was painted a bright yellow; some were light green, others blue, and some rose-coloured. They were good vehicles of two wheels, came from England, and if they were heavy they were much more durable than the American buggy of to-day. For many years the top gig was the only vehicle of pleasure in the island. Then

some more wealthy man—it is said a Governor—brought a carriage. It was a lumbering concern, awfully heavy, and, in truth, needed four horses to draw it any distance. The body was painted yellow, the wheels were brown, and the lining was blue. When a boy I saw the body of one old carriage answering to this description on the beach at Fontabelle, where it was utilised as a room for bathers in the adjoining sea, and it was quite large enough for two or three to undress or dress in at the same time. I saw a similar carriage with four horses drawing it—when Sir Evan MacGregor was Governor—taking Mr. Garraway, Mr. Cunningham, and two others out to the country to address the labourers that were unsettled after the emancipation. They went in state, to impress the people as delegates from the Governor. Carriages of every description came into the island after the emancipation. Manumission money was abundant and horses and carriages were the toys that many invested their portions in. They forgot that horses had to be fed, and that carriages meant outlay. The money was soon spent and horses and carriages were exchanged for hovels and hunger. The history of that period, when well written, will disclose some wonderful events. The time for it, perhaps, is not yet.

After some of the delusions of that period had been dispelled—after the terrible mistakes had been corrected to some extent—after heavy penalties had been paid for madness and folly—after the calm had followed the storm—Mr. George Nelson Taylor advocated the laying down of tramways in the island, but his counsels did not prevail, and a railway on the coast was determined upon. It was

laid down after much delay and many blunders had been committed. At its opening another means of locomotion was afforded to the inhabitants of the southern and eastern parishes. Advantage is taken of it by great numbers, but I fear the lines are not likely to extend beyond where they now run. Pity that tramways had not found favour with our influential leaders. Those trams that run in Bridgetown are a boon and a blessing, and we shall hail with delight the day when this means of locomotion is greatly extended. May it be near at hand!

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## CODRINGTON COLLEGE.

A DRIVE from Bridgetown to Hackleton's Cliff, to St. John's Church, and to Codrington College, is a treat enjoyed by all visitors to Barbados, and by many others besides. I shall never forget my first visit to the college. The Reverend Mr. Jones was then principal. It was during a vacation season, but the kindly Welshman was in residence, and, with his wife, received us kindly. He showed us over the college, the buildings, the bath, and gave us many particulars and anecdotes about the place, the work, and the students—particulars that would be interesting at any time. On a second visit Mr. Rawle was principal, and Mr. Gilkes his shadow. A great change had taken place in the interim, for Mr. Rawle was not Mr. Jones, as we all know, though Mr. Jones was a very talented and genial man.

But I am anticipating. Approaching the college from the hill, it presents a very picturesque appearance, through rows of cabbage palms, with the ocean behind. It may be true, as some say, that there is no architectural beauty about the buildings, but they are certainly of a scholastic appearance, and in the Great Hall, the Library, and the Chapel one cannot fail to feel satisfaction that there is so much of a collegiate surrounding in this little island. It was suggestive and amusing to pass through the students' rooms, and observe marks of their peculiarities, and hear anecdotes of their struggles and victories. Most of those at college then have gone over to the majority, or are in

distant lands fulfilling the predictions of the principal for them. How we did desire to leap into the waters of that bath at the invitation of the principal! How proud we did feel that there was a native of Barbados, like General Codrington, who could remember his native land while he enjoyed the luxuries and delights of the Mother Country. He it was, as our readers need hardly be told, that, dying in 1710, left two estates to the Propagation Society in trust, for the purpose of founding a college in the island, with a convenient number of professors, that scholars might be maintained who should study, and afterwards practise physic and chirurgery, as well as divinity—that by usefulness of the former to all men they might endear themselves to the people, and might have the better opportunity to do good to men's souls, while taking care of their bodies. Our countryman was in advance of his day. He did what missionary societies are declaring now to be absolutely necessary. He saw that the "Medical Missionary" was the best missionary to be sent to the heathen, and he made it imperative that "physic and chirurgery" should be taught at Codrington College. If his will had been fulfilled—if every young man leaving Codrington College had had some knowledge of physic and chirurgery, as well as of divinity, what a boon would have been conferred on these islands and Africa, and how much more the students would have accomplished when they left college! But again we are anticipating.

It was not until four years after General Codrington's death that building operations were commenced at the college, and not until another 29 years had elapsed that they were completed. When we remember the

condition of the island in those days, we suppose it is not surprising that so many years were needed for the erection, but that two more years should have elapsed before the building was occupied, and then that it should have been opened as a grammar school, is surprising. The first master was the Rev. T. Rotheram, M.A., and his ushers the Revs. J. S. Renshaw, M.A., and J. Rotheram. The medical lecturer was Dr. W. Cottel. There were twelve foundationers, and from twenty to thirty scholars not on the foundation. The grammar school was continued till 1780, when the hurricane of October 10 in that year destroyed most of the buildings, and so crippled the estates that they could furnish no revenue to carry on the work. Among the early exhibitioners are to be found the names of Revs. R. Harris, J. Packer, E. P. Smith; Drs. Grant Thomas, William Clarke, H. Alleyne, Haynes Walton, John Wilson; and among the commoners Sir R. Alleyne, Sir R. B. Clarke, Captain Senhouse, Revs. Hinds Howell, J. Hampden, J. H. Gittens, T. Clark, G. Cummins, F. F. Barron, and Dr. Nathan Young. The estates continued to be unprofitable until 1797, when Mr. John Brathwaite took them under his care, and freed them from the encumbrances they appear to have laboured under till that time. Then the Reverend Mark Nicholson was appointed principal, with Mr. Thomas Moody as his usher. We should not omit to mention that some twelve of the first exhibitioners were sent to England, with £100 per annum for four years, to complete their studies, at the cost of the college. The Rev. Samuel Hinds, and the Rev. H. Perkinson followed Mr. Nicholson in the Codrington Grammar School,

but in 1829 the school was transferred to the Lodge (one of the estates) and the college, for the first time, became what its founder evidently designed it should be, a Collegiate Institution for young men going in for Holy Orders, without the trouble and expense of seeking the necessary qualifications in Europe, at a distance from their relatives and friends; and regard was had to their instruction in physic and chirurgery, for when the Rev. J. H. Pinder, of Caius College, Cambridge, was appointed Principal, and the Rev. E. P. Smith, of Pembroke College, Oxford, Tutor, J. D. Maycock, Esq., M.D., was appointed Medical Professor. The college was not formally opened until September, 1830. Twelve exhibitioners were nominated, and entered then upon their collegiate curriculum. Their names were Jackson, Skeete, Barclay, Brathwaite, Anton, Pearne, Sealy, Grant, Barron, Gittens, Musson, and Beckles. James Barclay refused to take orders, and eventually became editor of the *West Indian* newspaper; Jackson, Bishop of Antigua, Brathwaite, Archdeacon of St. Kitts, and all the others but Pearne, were clergymen here or in the neighbouring islands. Little more than a year after the college was opened the great hurricane of 1831 wrecked the buildings. The hall, the library, the chapel, the steward's premises, and the upper story of each wing were demolished, and only replaced at a cost of £1,500. The work, however, was not abandoned. Mr. Pinder remained at his post and did good service until 1835, when his health failed, and returning to England he became principal of the Wells Theological College. It is mentioned to the honour of Mr. Pinder that he

trained upwards of 600 students at Wells, and did work there which will be long remembered. The Rev. Henry Jones, of Exeter College, Oxford, succeeded Mr. Pinder at Codrington, and continued there till 1846. Mr. Jones was a talented and genial man, and some well-educated men left college in his administration, but criticisms of an adverse character appeared in the newspapers in the forties, and a long correspondence between Sir Boucher Clarke, then Chief Justice, and the college authorities with respect to the intention of the founder, which divided men upon the question. Mr. Jones left in 1846, and the Rev. Richard Rawle, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became the principal. It was the dawn of a brighter day for the college when Mr. Rawle entered upon office. The college soon became another institution in every respect. The course of study was improved, the men in residence increased in number, the work was done in earnest, the buildings were renovated, the bath was made four times its former size, a historical staircase was erected, the Pongos Mission was founded—the primary education of the island was put on a satisfactory foundation. The influence of the man was felt in every nook and corner of the land. In the most simple and unostentatious, but in the most firm and persevering way, Mr. Rawle carried forward the great work to which he had given himself. And, of course, he succeeded, as every honest, faithful single-hearted, and high-minded man, working with the Lord, is safe to succeed, sooner or later.

In 1852-3 yellow fever prevailed in Barbados, and carried off some of our best and truest residents.



Mr. Rawle was prostrated with it, and nearly died. It reduced him so low, and his labours added so decidedly to the result, that in 1864 Mr. Rawle resigned his office as principal, to the regret of the S. P. G., and the grief of his many followers and friends in Barbados. A public meeting was held in town, at which all Codringtonians in the island (notably C. I. Branch, now Bishop of Antigua), with a large number of citizens, were present, and £400 were subscribed to present Mr. Rawle with a testimonial. With his usual self-renunciation he would not have the money, and a "Rawle Scholarship," of the annual value of £40, was instituted at Codrington. It is now held by any matriculated student during residence. Mr. Rawle went to England and held a rectory for some time. He became Bishop of Trinidad when that island became a separate diocese, which office he filled with much honour and success for many years, as our readers know. He returned two years ago to Codrington College to act as theological lecturer. But his work was done, and full of years and honours the good old man passed away last year in his old chamber at the college. We are glad that he came back to us in Barbados. We are glad that he lies in one of our graveyards. In Trinidad as well as in Barbados his name is honoured, and memorials to his memory are to be secured in the former place.

In Trinidad it is proposed to erect either a church or a chancel to the cathedral in Port-of-Spain. But his best memorial is in the hearts of the hundreds who love him, and were benefited by him intellectually

and spiritually. It is of such men as Bishop Rawle James Montgomery writes with propriety—

Rest from thy labours, rest—  
Soul of the just set free ;  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be.

. . . . .  
Soldier of Christ, well done !  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

When Mr. Rawle resigned, the question arose about his successor. It was an anxious question. We remember how keenly it was discussed in Bridgetown by all parties. It was said, after Richard Rawle, an ordinary man at Codrington would be nowhere. When a certain party in Barbados was mentioned, it was declared that anything less than an Oxford or a Cambridge luminary could not be tolerated. The Rev. W. T. Webb had been head-master of the Lodge School for many years ; he had acted for some time as tutor at the college with great satisfaction. When it was hinted that he might be the principal, opinions were divided. Those who knew Mr. Webb declared that a better successor to Mr. Rawle could not be nominated. Those who did not know him were violently opposed to the nomination. Mr. Rawle, who knew Mr. Webb better than anyone in Barbados, was decidedly in his favour. Mr. Webb was an eminently godly man, and he was far more intellectual than people knew. He was not showy, but he was solid—an excellent classic, and a good mathematician. Mr. Rawle (who was great

in mathematics) said there was no man in Barbados superior to Mr. Webb as a mathematician. Recommended by Mr. Rawle with emphasis, of course, Mr. Webb was appointed by S. P. G., and the result confirmed Mr. Rawle's declaration, for Mr. Webb, during the twenty years he was principal, added 104 students to the college roll, saw a good number of them enter the Ministry, and others the best places in our island, and left his mark at Codrington, which is second only to that of Bishop Rawle. He resigned on account of impaired health in 1884, and was succeeded by the Rev. Alfred Caldecott, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Caldecott gave promise of great usefulness, but his term of office was short. Circumstances of a personal nature necessitated his presence in England, and he did not return to the island. A fire that occurred at the college destroyed some of the buildings—the staircase, so much valued, amongst other things.

A paper on Codrington College would be very incomplete without mention of Bishop Colridge (the first Bishop of Barbados) who, as Visitor, did much service for the college and the estates, Bishop Parry, and Bishop Mitchinson, very notably. In 1875 Bishop Mitchinson, after much correspondence and personal influence, succeeded in securing the affiliation of the college to the University of Durham, admitted to be the third university of note in England. Many are the advantages of this affiliation, as Bishop Mitchinson admirably demonstrated. The students of Codrington College, by it, became members of a British university, and became qualified for appointments which they could not otherwise hold; they can secure University

Degrees, and the men are examined by others than their teachers; in fact, by a succession of first-rate teachers in the Mother Country, an advantage that can be readily understood. This was among the many good things accomplished for Barbados by Bishop Mitchinson, than whom a more talented man, a harder worker, or one whose heart was more honestly set upon advancing the best interests of Barbados, never landed in this island, or left its shores. The writer had many opportunities for knowing the private wishes and feelings of Bishop Mitchinson—he is not a member of the Bishop's church—and, therefore, he feels bound to record in this little volume the estimate he formed of the Bishop, and the high value he has always entertained for the work the Bishop did in Barbados. His greatest faults were the outcome of his love of truth, his honesty, and his high principle. If he would have exercised more tact, self-repression, and patience he would have been a greater power for good in Barbados; he would have gone from us without a detraction, and with the love of every son of the soil. As it is, he has been missed more than people will admit, and when the evanescent feelings of the day shall subside, and when his words and actions shall be read in the fuller and clearer light of time, it will be confessed that John Mitchinson had no equal in the office he held in Barbados, and that he was the truest friend she ever saw.

The present principal is Mr. H. H. Hancock, M.A. He was at one time tutor of the college, and is in every respect a worthy successor of Rawle and Webb. We believe he will have equal success with those his predecessors at the college.

We could not close our paper without mention of the several tutors that have done well at Codrington College. Mr. Smith is among the first of them. For twenty-three years he filled the office. His mark was made upon scores of the students. What a book of biography and anecdote he could, and we hope he yet will, write and publish. Then there were Mr. Webb, before he became principal of the college, Mr. Barker, Rev. H. H. Parry (now Bishop of Perth), G. H. Butt, C. Clarke, J. Parry, W. Grey, C. A. Swift, and H. H. Hancock. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Prideaux were known in connection with our first grade schools as well, and almost every one remembers good Mr. Grey.

The estates belonging to the Trust have had a varied history. Sometimes they have been worked most successfully, while at others the very reverse has been the case. The S. P. G. has often been greatly discouraged on account of the returns, but for some time they have been entrusted to Mr. George Sealy, and under him a new departure was made. The net return has for some time been good. Of course, the college cannot be considered a rich foundation, and cannot, therefore, pay princely salaries. It should, however, be sufficient to carry out the intentions of the founder, and it is satisfactory to know that this it has done for many years; it may be said from the time of Richard Rawle.

It must be mentioned likewise, that, at Mr. Rawle's suggestion, a Mission House was annexed to the college, in which several men were prepared for the service of the Pongos Mission, and as teachers in the primary schools of the islands. How tenderly those men loved Mr. Rawle can hardly be described.



Excellent schools have all along been maintained on the "Society," one of the estates, and a chapel not far from them. It was only right that the S. P. G. should remember their obligations to the slaves in the first instance and to the labourers employed on the estates after abolition of slavery. Mr. and Mrs. Rawle for years supervised and assisted in those schools. They toiled up that College Hill every week, and sat in the primary and infant schools teaching the little children the first rudiments of learning with a patience and a perseverance that are remembered now by scores of young men and women who were lads and lasses in those schools.

Our task is done. It has been pleasant to us for many reasons, and, above all, because it has afforded us an opportunity to bear willing testimony to some of the choicest and best of men that have lived among us—some of them little known, some terribly misunderstood, and, therefore, misrepresented, some of them yet living with kindly thoughts in their hearts of the beautiful spot in St. John's, and others resting in peace in various parts of the world till the great day shall make known their labours and their trials, their sorrows, and their joys, their heart gladness and sadness at Codrington, and in the great multitude they shall receive the "Well done good and faithful servants ; ye did it unto me ; enter into the joy of thy Lord !"

## THE MORAVIANS IN BARBADOS.

IN the month of May, in the year 1875, the Moravians celebrated the centenary of their mission in this island. It was a very happy season for them, the moreso as their meetings were aided by many of the clergymen of the Established Church, and leading members of the same, as well as Brethren from the other islands. Many interesting particulars were given at the time of the celebration, and many historical events of importance to Barbadians generally, bound up with the history of the Moravians, were dwelt upon. It has occurred to me that it might not be an unwelcome paper for this volume if some of these records were inserted here. It was in the early part of 1775 that two Moravians landed in Bridgetown from a small vessel that had left London several weeks before for Barbados. They knew nobody ; they had no recommendations ; they had come to preach the Gospel to the slaves, who, as everybody knows, were not much cared for in spiritual matters at that time. They had an interview with the Rector of St. Michael's, who was kind to them ; they attended his church on the Sabbath day, and they moved about during the week in the lanes and alleys of the town. They got humble lodgings somewhere in the Roebuck, but when they tried to hire a house for their meetings they failed. Wood and Ritsmanberger (those were the first missionaries) tried to persuade one or two persons to sell, or rent, them a house, but they were refused, and then they walked out on Sunday to some of the neighbouring

estates and spoke to the people. They found themselves one day at Jackman's estate, and Mr. Jackman, the owner, assembled his people in his verandah to hear what the missionaries had to tell them. This continued for some time, the missionaries walking out and back to town after the service. Then they went onward to Lear's, to Exchange, to Applewhaite's, and crossing Prout's Gulley to Friendly Hall, and to Yorkshire Hall (now Vancluse). Behind Grand View they lighted upon Bunker's Hill, and bought a little land, which they called Sharon. There Ritsmanberger died, and was buried. He was succeeded by Norland, and Wood, losing heart, left the work.

In 1767 Bruckslaw and Bennett reinforced the Mission, and John Bennett may be said to have laid the foundation for the work in Barbados. From Old Sharon the missionaries visited the slaves on the estates all around. They did not gather much of a congregation ; indeed, they did not appear to have the design of doing this, for they did not attempt to build a church. They kept meetings for the few who came to them in their house, and when the weather was fine under the shady trees before their doors. Between the years 1767 and 1790 some seventeen missionaries had been labouring at Old Sharon, and in the little burial ground at the station four of them were interred—besides children—namely Ritsmanberger, Bennett, Herr, and John Montgomery. This last was the father of James Montgomery, the poet. He came out to Barbados as a missionary, was transferred to Tobago, and commenced in that island the station called Montgomery after him ; buried his wife in Tobago, and re-

turned to Barbados to die. His remains lie, as we have said, at Old Sharon, and his grave illustrates the beautiful lines written concerning it by his poet son :—

“ And when the sun’s noon  
 Glory crests the waves,  
 He shines without a shadow  
 On their graves.”

After the death of Montgomery, the missionaries set themselves to secure a better site for their operations. They had suffered much for want of water, of fuel, and general supplies in the out-of-the-way Old Sharon. Their health had been impaired, and, no doubt, more than one of them had been sent to a premature grave, or back to Europe, for they did all their work on foot, and they laboured with their hands to supply their daily wants. After a time they purchased the land now called Sharon, near Edghill and Arthur Seat. There was a good dwelling-house on the land, and in it Hoffman, Waller, and Ganson continued to keep service. The slaves came to them from Yorkshire Hall, Dunscombe, Mount Wilton, Farmer’s, and other places. The missionaries had many opponents, but they also made friends. The Rectors of St. Thomas’ and St. James’ encouraged them, but men of the baser sort ridiculed and threatened them, and obstructed their every effort. Their meetings were interrupted, they were threatened with imprisonment, and, in some cases, the slaves were severely punished for visiting their services. It was up-hill work with them until 1825, when Mr. Brummer arrived, and soon after Mr. Lichtenthaler. Then Mrs. Edmund Haynes, of Haynesfield, being interested in their work, and concerned for the condition of her slaves, gave them

the place called Mount Chance, in St. John's, which was changed to Mount Tabor, and Mr. Lichtenthaler commenced the work there. He was soon prostrated by illness, and was nursed by Mrs. Haynes as her own son. He lingered for some time and died, and was the first missionary buried in the graveyard of the present Sharon. John Taylor carried on the work at Mount Tabor for a short time, while John Gottlieb Klose laboured at Sharon. Taylor came to the Mission in 1830, and had a long service in it. He was at Sharon during the important changes through which the island passed from slavery to freedom. It was at this time the influence of the missionaries was really felt. St. Thomas' Parish, where they laboured, was notable for its quiet, and the absence of crime. Judges and magistrates bore testimony to the effective labours of the missionaries, and the loyalty of their members. Mr. F. G. Zippel took charge of Mount Tabor in 1830, and laboured there till 1859. He was there at the time of the great hurricane of 1831—the abolition of slavery in 1834—the reign of cholera in 1854—and other remarkable dates in our history. He was much esteemed by all ranks and classes in the community. I heard Dr. Thomas, the successor to Mr. Haynes, at Haynesfield, say, after the death of Mr. Zippel, that the great regret of his life was that he had not cultivated the society of Mr. Zippel more carefully. Mr. Zippel published a volume on prophecy, which was much talked about at the time. He wrote much about emancipation and the cholera. His sudden death in 1859 was greatly lamented, and there are hundreds who still cherish the memory of the dear old man. Mount Tabor Church is his monument,



for he built it without the cost of a shilling to the Mission, by his own labours and efforts.

We return to Sharon where John Taylor and John Morrish laboured at the time of the hurricane, which devastated the island in August, 1831. The larger part of the premises at Sharon were left standing, and the missionaries were enabled for weeks to afford shelter to numbers who were houseless. Some are still living who remember their generous hospitality. From that time their labours were better appreciated. After the hurricane large numbers were added to the Church, and, emancipation following soon after, the people were free to attend service and send their children to school. Schools were commenced at the existing stations, and, in response to an invitation from Bridgetown, John Taylor commenced a mission in the Roebuck. The site obtained was a noted cock-pit, in the marl-hole of which on all days in the week (Sunday like Saturday or Monday) cock-fighting, dog - worrying, and every abomination was carried on. Mr. Taylor erected the first place of worship and opened it, but, occupying a very small dwelling in a very unhealthy place, he had scarcely completed the erection when he was attacked with yellow fever and died. He is the second missionary buried under the palms at Sharon. Bishop Ellis succeeded Taylor in town. He laboured there until his wife died. Her remains lie in the Bridgetown Churchyard, but her memory is still green in the recollection of hundreds; she was a true missionary, and her children rose up to call her blessed. Nearly all of them became labourers in the vineyard. One son died not long ago, and another is now

(though nearly blind) the minister of a large congregation in England, which he serves effectively with the valuable aid of his sister. There are few who do more for the mission cause than they.

While Bishop Ellis was superintendent of the Mission, invitations came from the proprietors in the distant parts of the parish of St. Thomas to form a mission on their estates. The owners of Mount Wilton and Clifton gave land for that purpose, and Clifton Hill was organised. John Humberstone was the first missionary in charge of that place, but he was soon succeeded by Lawrence Oerter. He laboured with success, but, unhappily, his sight failed, and he left for America, where his sons still live, and are able ministers of the Moravian Church, as is the Rev. Edwin Klose, son of Gottlieb Klose, whom we have mentioned elsewhere. James Titterington succeeded Bishop Ellis in Bridgetown, and laboured with considerable success, till he was driven from the Island with clergyman's sore throat. His son, James, was employed in the agency in London, and died early. His second son, William, is now the Director of the schools at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. Thomas L. Badham followed Bishop Ellis at Sharon, and he may be said to have reorganised the work. He was a man of great preaching power, an excellent platform speaker, and deservedly popular with high and low. With Edwin Seidel he did the work at Sharon and Bridgetown during the cholera in 1854. Those who remember that visitation know what the ministers of all denominations underwent at that time. They had to act as doctors, nurses, local undertakers, and spiritual helps for the people. Day and night they

were at work, witnesses of sights that were simply horrifying. The writer was Minister at Clifton Hill during that time, and well does he remember the first case in his neighbourhood. It occurred on Sunday morning: called to the poor sufferer he remained helping him till the bell ceased to ring, when he had to leave him, cold and pallid. Before the service was ended, the strong man was dead. He remembers how one after another was seized during service; how he would speak to a young person to-day, and to-morrow see him stretched out on the bed of death; how one would come for medicine for a child, and the next day be carried himself to the grave. How after hours of toil the writer would go to his bed, and before sleep visited his lids he would be roused with the entreaty to go and pray for one that was well a few hours before, and now was in the agony of death. He remembers, too well, when his own children were suffering from the premonitory symptoms of the fell disease, and with sorrowing heart he had to leave them and go to cases that were soon to prove fatal. It was a terrible time. No wonder Mr. Badham and others broke down, and had soon to seek change of air and scene. Mr. Badham ultimately became co-secretary with Mr. P. La Trobe, of the Moravian Missions in London, a member of the P. E. C., and died some time ago in Ockbrook, England. It was during the time that Mr. Badham was superintendent of the Mission that the missionaries turned their attention to increasing the number of schools. Up to his time one school only was maintained at each of the four stations, but from 1852 new schools were opened in different places. Mr. Clemens and Mr. Buchner

(both Sharon men) did something in this direction. Mr. Zippel adopted their policy, and the writer had the satisfaction, with the aid of Governor Hincks and Colonel Wright (of the Royal Engineers), to open Hincks' School, Wright's School, and Roebuck Infant School. Later on he started Buxton School, Gracehill School, the Jubilee School, the Centenary School, and Melville Hill School, all of which, but the last, are working successfully to-day. So is Dunscombe School, started by Messrs. Buchner and Romig, when they were at Sharon. The educational work of the Moravians in Barbados is a very important part of their work, and to its efficiency good testimony has been borne by inspectors of schools, legislators, magistrates, officials and governors. We are only prevented by personal reasons from quoting some of the many notes in the visitors' books of the schools on the occasion of the visits of Governors, Bishops of the Church of England, and eminent men from all parts of the world to the schools from time to time. But even personal motives may not suppress the fact that from our schools in Barbados have men gone forth to be Ministers of the Church of England, Moravian ministers, solicitors, inspectors of schools, teachers, and successful clerks. Numbers have been made good artisans, tradesmen, and labourers. The educational work has been greatly blessed, and in that day when the Lord shall reckon with his servants it will be apparent that the Moravian missionaries in Barbados were among the faithful ones that laboured in the vineyard with singleness of purpose and self-denial that few who saw them could understand. In the later days Samuel Thaler,

J. F. Bontien, Adolph Reichstein, Jonathan Hoch, Robert Walsh, Henry Moore, T. F. Niebert, Otto Garve, Richard Gale, Henry Weiss, G. Heath, John Roberts, and others that might be mentioned, laboured successfully at the several stations. Of them all we may say, in the felicitous language of one who knew what such work was, and what such workers are—

“They lived, and they were useful ; this we know,  
     And naught beside ;  
 No record of their names is left to show  
     How soon they died ;  
 They did their work, and then they passed away,  
     An unknown band ;  
 But they shall live in endless day, in the  
     Fair shining land.

“And were they young, or were they growing old,  
     Or ill, or well,  
 Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth of gold—  
     No one can tell ;  
 Only one thing is known of them—they faithful  
     Were, and true  
 Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer  
     To save and do.

“But what avails the gift of empty fame ?  
     They lived to God ;  
 They loved the sweetness of another name,  
     And gladly trod  
 The rugged ways of earth, that they might be  
     Helper or friend,  
 And in the joy of their ministry  
     Be spent, and spend.

“No glory clusters round their names on earth,  
     But in God’s Heaven  
 Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,  
     And there is given  
 A place for all who did the Master please,  
     Though here unknown,  
 And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays  
     Before the Throne.



"O, take who will the boon of fading fame,  
     But give to me  
 A place among the workers, though my name  
     Forgotten be ;  
 And as within the Book of Life is found  
     My lowly place,  
 Honour and glory unto God resound  
     For all His grace."

The missionaries at present on the island are—  
 Thomas Shields, at Sharon; Charles Klesel, at Bridge-  
 town; Alexander Pilgrim, at Mcunt Tabor; and  
 Clifton Hill is worked for the most part by Joseph  
 Carrington, formerly an assistant missionary, but  
 now one of the Government inspectors of schools, an  
 Old Sharon boy.

Our readers will unite with us in the hope that the  
 Mission will increase a hundredfold in influence and  
 efficiency.

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## THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 11, 1831.

DO I remember the great storm of August, 1831?

I should think I do. There are some things you never forget ; witnessing a real storm is one of them. You may forget a gale—a fresh blow that stripped your trees and carried some shingles off your house—but a West India hurricane once seen you can never forget.

Will you tell us a story about the storm ?

No—I will tell you some *facts*, and in the hands of a good story-teller I dare say they would make a good story ; but I will give you my life that I lived for ten days in 1831.

I resided in Bridgetown in the year 1831. My uncle dwelt about two miles from town, in a house not long erected, and from which there was a fine view of the town and of Carlisle Bay. It was not far from one of the ravines, or gulleys, that drain the country. I had been suffering from over-work for some weeks, and at my uncle's invitation I went, on the 3rd of August, to his residence for change and rest. The truth must be told, my cousin Julia—a sweet girl of sixteen—was the chief inducement for my throwing up work and home for a fortnight. Four or five days were spent most pleasantly. During the day I rambled with my cousins through the gully and in the neighbourhood. We boxed a hive of bees—we shot birds here and there—we made excursions to Fresh Water Bay, to Cole's Cave, and other localities. In the evening we had music, Julia sung

many old Scotch songs (and she *could* sing them), and now and then neighbouring gentlemen—the Seales and the Herberts—dropped in for a rubber of whist with my uncle. It was a merry time for me, but the heat was almost insupportable. You talk of heat now, but I tell you I never felt heat (except at Neuwied in Germany, in summer) as I felt it in 1831. From the 5th it became worse. Early in the morning dense clouds gathered in the north and west, and piled higher and higher as the day went on. Now and then a few drops of rain fell, but it never amounted to a shower. The rays of the sun poured down upon the heated earth like sparks from an anvil, and man and beast sought the shade to escape from them. To eat was a labour—to drink a penalty. There was no ice house in those days—no cool drinks, the wine was thrust into a wet stocking and placed on the shelf to windward of the house, but the rule was hot drinks—punch, sherry cobbler, shrub snaps, and the like. I saw that my uncle was anxious and restless. He was frequently at the barometer, watching the sky, and in the evening handling the shutters of doors and windows. We young ones knew nothing of storms, and had no apprehensions. The morning of the 10th August dawned. We were up early, for we had planned a visit to the boiling spring in Turner's Hall Wood. But we were not to see it that day. The morning was gloomy. The heat was awful. My uncle protested that our outing was impossible. There was going to be rain—he hoped nothing but rain. At all events there was to be no boiling spring for that day. When “the boys” sulked and said there was nothing to hinder us from going, as the cart to con-

vey us was well covered, and all our preparations would be marred, my uncle replied, "If you boys will risk a drenching, Julia does not leave the house." That settled the matter. A pic-nic without Julia would have been Turner's Hall without the spring. The cart was unpacked, and my uncle promised that we should have our fill of pleasure in the evening. A large number of friends from town and the neighbourhood had been invited for the evening, and during the day we did not leave the house, but were over the piano practising songs, waltzes, reels, and Sir Roger de Coverley for the evening. During the day black clouds became blacker—a sullen gloom hung over the land—the sea from our western window was like a mirror—the ships (there were several in the bay) seemed to be so near us that we might put forth our hands and touch their masts. Now and then there was a distant growl of thunder, and a dart of lightning from east to west. Not a breath of air to move even a leaf. There was something ominous over all Nature. The birds did not rise above the earth, and the bees seemed unwilling to move. In spite of every effort to be cheerful every one in that house appeared to be carrying a burden too heavy for him. At the luncheon and dinner table nobody seemed inclined to eat, to speak, or to move. One of us said, "This is a quaker's meeting," some of us essayed a laugh, but the whole thing was unnatural. We separated after dinner, and I lay in the hammock in my room and slumbered. I started up after a short time in terror—I had fancied myself on board a ship, and she was sinking rapidly. I felt the water creeping up to my

lips, and I sprang out of the hammock expecting to see the ship go down. We made our preparations for the evening in silence and without spirit. When we met in the drawing room there were drops of rain from the clouds, and it was very dark outside. A letter was put into my uncle's hand. It was from Mr. Seale. "Don't expect us," he wrote. "Only a madman would leave home to-night. Look sharp after your shutters and keep your hammer and nails near you. Good night, old friends, and may we meet to-morrow." Other friends came in and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. The young ones sung and danced, and there were two tables at which whist was played by old ladies and old gentlemen.

I noticed that my uncle did not sit to the whist table as usual, and that he moved restlessly about the room, peeping frequently through the closed shutters. It was about 10 o'clock when two of the windows were blown open, and the rain dashed across the room, followed by a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder that made us all spring to our feet. No more dancing, no more singing, no more whist for that night. Vehicles were summoned to the door, shawls were in requisition, and with hurried *adieux* that company broke up, never to meet again on earth. There was an ominous silence after the last guest had departed. Then there was the short evening prayer, and we retired to our rooms. I heard the noise of the hammer while two of my cousins (whose room I shared) joked and discussed the friends who had left us. It was late on in the night before I slept, when



suddenly I was roused by such a flash of lightning and such a roar of thunder

“That flash at midnight, ’twas a light,  
To give the blind anew their sight ;  
Then leave in tenfold gloom.  
Loud, deep, and long that thunder broke ;  
The deaf ear it rudely woke,  
Then closed it in the tomb.”

Never did lads tumble into their clothes as did we that night of August, '31. We found uncle, aunt, and the others in the dining room. “It has come,” said my uncle. “This is a storm without doubt, and God help us all.” The servants that had their rooms not far from the dwelling-house crowded to the door of the room we occupied, and told with terrified accent, that their rooms were gone, that two or three of their number were missing, that the stable was in ruins, and the horses dashing about the grounds. We sat in silence around the long table and listened to the wind that like ten thousand furies howled around the house. While we sat there we saw the roof rise over our heads—one half of it disappear, and the other half dropped down to the walls. “It is time,” said my uncle, “for us to go below.” The chief rooms of the house were above a cellar some 12 or 13 feet high. A staircase connected the two parts of the house. Taking the lamp in one hand, and his daughter by the other, he moved towards the staircase. We followed. In the cellar below there was a cask of wine, a cask of rum, and numerous stores. We got safely below and soon we heard the walls of the house fall in with a terrific roar. The lamp went out and we were in darkness that could indeed be felt.

Suddenly there was a mysterious silence. It appeared as if all creation had been arrested in its course. The Scripture occurred to me—"There was silence in heaven for the space of half-an-hour." Such silence must be felt—it cannot be described. One of us said, "Thank God it is all over! Let us try to look out." "I wish it was over," said my uncle. "This is the deceitful calm that precedes the greatest fury of the storm. We shall have to leave this room for it will not be safe. Cling close to each other, and hold on as fast as you can." While he spoke the howling of the wind re-commenced, but from the opposite quarter, and the roar was awful. Now, said my uncle, we must get outside. He opened the door, and we all pressed towards him. I felt the rain blinding me—the wind took my hat from my head and tore open my coat. I was drenched in a moment. I tried to speak, but it seemed as if a demon mocked my efforts. I tried to lie down, it was vain. I could not move hand or foot. I surrendered myself to die. The feeling was precisely what I have heard people that have been nearly drowned describe; there was no pain—no dread, a sensation of the awfully grand was upon me. The lightning blazed, leaving me blind for some seconds. The thunder roared like artillery discharged at my ear. The water gathered about me and rose higher and higher. There I stood, motionless, helpless, in that war of the elements—so insignificant—so weak—so poor. A pause of the wind, an object sped before me. Was it human or spectre? Again and again after that I fancied I saw forms float by. I convinced myself after the storm that the first object I saw was my cousin Julia as she was driven about in

the storm. The others were illusions. With one great burst of fury the wind seemed to spend itself, and there appeared a streak of light in the East. Then I looked in the direction of the house, but there was none. My uncle came up to me : " My poor boy," he said, " you have had an awful night, but you live, and I thank God for that. There are two or three lying dead yonder (pointing towards the house) but we can find Julia nowhere." I went with him towards the house, and at the door lay his mother stretched out as if she slept. We attempted to raise her when her screams were piercing. The fact was, the beam of the door had fallen upon her leg and made her a prisoner there. Further on, we found a woman with a shingle passed through her arm and pinned to the earth, we released her and saw Julia in the distance. She fled from us, and when we did overtake her she struggled to escape. " Leave me," she cried, " I do not know who you are ; listen ! don't you hear them calling me ? I am coming ! I am coming !" and she gave a wild scream and broke away from us. We did not know it then, but she had received a wound in her head during the night, and in the course of a few weeks she died from the exposure of the night and the wound together.

My poor cousin ! Flowers, sweet and pure, have been gathered by the Great Reaper from the garden of Earth—but none sweeter and purer and fairer than she. With the help of parties we raised the beam from the leg of the old lady I have mentioned, and in a few hours she was at rest for ever. We got into the cellar, and there we found an old servant lying across the cask of rum with the measure glass in his

hand, quite dead. The poor old fellow had tried to get a drop during the cold night, but a huge stone fell upon him, and his death-bed was made across the cask. A child was found alive under a table in the room—the only living object therein. The day was waning. Food, there was none ; some milk and some cocoanuts supplied our wants that day. We got the roof I have mentioned fixed between two walls of the house, and with some beds and clothes that had been found, we crowded together for the night—not to sleep, that was not possible. The next day the dead were buried, and I left for Bridgetown. It was with difficulty I made my way over trees and heaps of ruins to my own home, the site of which I could scarcely identify. My own household had providentially escaped, but death and destruction had been on every side. In the house adjoining our own there had been a ball the night of the 10th ; the dancing had gone on till the house began to fall ; then the dancers scattered, and two of them were killed before they reached home. On the morning of the 11th they were laid out for the grave in the costume that had decked them for the dance !

I have not set myself to give an account of the great storm, so I shall not speak of the ruin that befell churches and chapels—estates and hovels. All this was written at the time by Mr. Samuel Hyde, and printed in a pamphlet. I have not seen one of these of late, but if you would know more about the storm, obtain a copy of that pamphlet and you will learn more than you have learned from my poor narrative, but which, I still think, a good story-teller could turn to some account. May you and I never see the like of August 11, 1831 !

## PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF OUR GOVERNORS.

IT is now an admitted fact that the prosperity of a country depends in no small measure upon the sovereign that fills the throne. The Jubilee celebration of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria brought that prominently to the front. And as with countries so with islands. The Governor of an island exerts an influence on its destiny in the same manner as a sovereign does on a nation. He is a power for good or for evil. When the history of Barbados comes to be written by one of judgment and discrimination, it will be found that the Governor of the Island, from period to period, makes up the larger part of the book.

We propose, in these papers, to give "Pen and Ink Sketches of our Rulers" from the time of Sir Evan MacGregor. We have no intention of writing a history of the period, for which we have neither material nor room; we have the intention only to recall to the memory of some, and for the information of many, the appearance presented by some of the very able men that in days gone by occupied Government House, and a few—a very few it must be—of the incidents connected with their administration. We begin with

SIR E. J. MURRAY MACGREGOR, THE COURTIER.

Sir Evan came to us from Antigua in 1836. In appearance he was tall, well-built, soldierly and every



inch a courtier. There are a few busts in plaster-of-paris taken of him, we believe, after death, and they show that he had a splendid forehead, and an intellectual face. His manner was very gentle—his conversation [charming—he was full of anecdote, and those who knew him could not fail to be loyal to him. He had served in the Peninsular War, and received many wounds, from which he suffered almost constantly. It was to this circumstance that he was nearly a recluse at Government House, only appearing in public when he was compelled to do so by calls of duty.

We have said Sir Evan came to us from Antigua. He administered that government for some time, and with great success. He was transferred to the government of the Windward Islands at a most important period. Slavery had just been abolished—the apprenticeship system existed. It was a time of intense anxiety and trial. It demanded a man of cool judgment, great forbearance, conciliatory powers, and yet firm in purpose and prompt in action. A single mistake might have ruined the country. The ship of State was in stormy waters, and rocks were on every side. The pilot in command should be a strong man and valiant. Happily for Sir Evan MacGregor, he possessed great discernment, and he was aided by men like Sir Bowcher Clarke, Sir John Sealy, and others we could name. Acting on his own honest convictions and principles, with their valuable co-operation, he overcame difficulties that would have deterred ordinary men, and had the happiness to see the ship safe out of danger before he died, and to know that he had had the privilege to contribute greatly to the success in this Island of the great measure of emancipation.

There is one name that will figure much in the history of that day. It is Mr. S. J. Prescod. He was leader of the Liberal party, and editor of the *Liberal* newspaper, which he and Mr. T. Harris had started at that time. Mr. Prescod was an able writer, and being among the first who used the West India press for anti-slavery purposes, encountered much opposition. He was prosecuted during the administration of Sir Evan for libel. Constituted as the criminal courts then were of course he was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £50 and undergo three months' imprisonment. A few days after the conviction he was liberated by Sir Evan, the fine was remitted, and Sir Evan MacGregor was the hero of the day.

Sir Evan died at Government House in 1840, and was buried at the Cathedral. His remains lie in the Masonic Tomb, near what is called the Governor's Gate. Soon after his death a famous trial took place in the Common Pleas, in which his executors were plaintiffs. The Barbados Mutual Life Assurance Society was organised at the time Sir Evan was Governor, and he insured in the Society for 10,000 dollars. When application was made for his insurance money, it was objected that his was not a good life. The trial came on before Sir Bowcher Clarke (who had then been promoted to the Bench) and a special jury, and after a long and painful trial a verdict was given in consequence of which the Society had to refund the premiums and to pay a large amount in the way of costs. The judge told the jury that they had not to decide whether the life was a good or a bad one—that was the duty of the Society to ascertain before they granted the policy, but simply to say whether

false representations had been made to obtain the policy, or important facts had been withheld when the application was made. The character of the Governor forbade the idea of the first proposition, and the evidence on the trial rebutted the latter. Such a case would not occur in the present day. Directors would not go into Court after accepting a life like Sir Evan's.

#### CAPTAIN DARLING, THE SOLDIER,

Succeeded Sir Evan MacGregor. He had been private secretary to some of the former Governors, and held the dormant commission of Lieutenant-Governor. Captain Darling looked and moved the soldier. He was tall, commanding in appearance, and manifestly understood the handling of men. He had married a Barbadian lady, a ward (if we mistake not) of Dr. Merritt, the former proprietor of *Welches* (now Mr. Carrington's), and who lost his life through the mistaken administration of a deleterious drug in the place of soda in a seidlitz powder. Captain Darling was not long in office. He went to Jamaica, and made room for

#### SIR CHARLES EDWARD GREY, LAWYER AND STATESMAN.

Sir Charles Grey came from England. He had been a judge in India, and his reputation as a lawyer and a statesman preceded him. He was a man once seen never could be forgotten. He was not much above the middle height, of stout build, with an enormous head, towering forehead, deep set brilliant eyes, very thick eyebrows, massive nose, firm chin, and remark-

ably small white hands. He is said to have been a first-class lawyer, a man of extensive reading, facetious, full of anecdote, and enjoying a joke immensely. He arrived here in 1841, when we had hardly passed through the transition state from slavery to freedom, and when many political and social questions were still burning. He had a difficult task before him in many respects, and he proved himself equal to the occasion. He was keen-sighted enough to see that the geographical position of Barbados gave her great advantages for trade and commerce. We remember the day when, surrounded by Mr. John Rycroft Best, the Rev. Mr. Gittens, Mr. Henry Thornhill, Mr. G. N. Taylor, and others in the Council, he said that Barbados was but *a dot in the ocean*, and paused, drawing the surprised looks of the worthy Councillors upon him, but, he added, a place of importance for all its superficial limit, if the Legislature would only realise the facts and utilise the advantages Providence had conferred upon the island. He went on to show that the Island must become the port of call for hundreds of vessels—that what we wanted was to make it attractive—and that no time should be lost for considering harbour improvements. Men sneered at Sir Charles Grey then, and he was the subject of ridicule in many quarters. Time has shown that he was prophetic in the anticipations he held and uttered, and if his counsel had been followed, Bridgetown would to-day have presented a different appearance. On another occasion, referring to our population, he told the Legislature that the population of Barbados was at the same time the source of its strength and its weakness—words which, at the time, were hardly

understood, but which have since become a proverb, and the force of which has been felt on more than one occasion—the full force of which even now is not fully realised, but which we are glad to see more and more appreciated by various societies, and especially the Agricultural Society of Barbados. During the administration of Sir Charles Grey the question of emigration came to the fore. It met with great opposition at first, and because it was supposed the Governor favoured it, he lost popularity. The fact is Sir Charles Grey was in advance of the day, and he saw that emigration was irresistible, but even he never dreamed that a law would be enacted in Barbados to assist intending emigrants. Time and necessity are wondrous factors in changing opinions and laws. We have said Sir Charles Grey was a lawyer. He was instrumental in bringing about many reforms in the legal departments of the island, and it is said left the practice of the Courts better than he found it. Several anecdotes are told of his efforts in this and other matters, but they want sufficient confirmation to justify their being recorded here. He chose his private secretaries from among the young gentlemen of the Island. Mr. Forster Pilgrim was his private secretary for some time, and he was followed by Mr. George Clinckett (now Canon Clinckett) who accompanied Sir Charles to Jamaica, to which island he was appointed after his term of service in Barbados. He wrote much as Governor, his papers were always clever, and he was, without doubt, one of the most able men we have had to preside over the affairs of the Island. We have been kindly permitted by Canon Clinckett to insert in this



place extracts of a paper he wrote for my journal on Sir Charles Grey, which is so full of interest for Barbadians. We gladly make room for them.

Sir Charles was born in North Britain, and was the son of a country gentleman of Northumberland and a distant relation of Earl Grey. He was, I think, an Eton boy, but at any rate an Oxford man, of considerable distinction, having been first-class in classics, a Fellow of Oriel, and a University Prize-man. He was contemporary with Whateley, Newman, Heber, Arnold, Keble, Copleston of Llandaff, and others, who formed the unusually large and brilliant galaxy of distinguished Oxonians of his day. He helped Arnold by his vote to get his Fellowship; not, as I have heard Sir Charles say, on account of his great scholarship—for at that time, whatever he became afterwards, he was notorious as a slipshod scholar and greatly given to inaccuracies—but for his great intellectual powers and largeness of mind and of heart. With Heber, Sir Charles was specially intimate—an intimacy renewed afterwards in India, where they again came in each other's way, Heber as Bishop, and Sir Charles as Chief Justice, of Calcutta. On Heber's lamentable death in his bath in India, Mrs. Heber became an inmate of Sir Charles's household for a year. Her marriage afterwards with a Greek Count is well known.

The great Oxford Don, having left Oxford, was called to the Bar, where he soon made his mark and obtained the Chief-Justiceship of Calcutta, with the honour of Knighthood. Before going out to India, he married a daughter of the Rev. Sir Samuel Clarke Jervoise, a wealthy Baronet of Hampshire, by whom

he had a large family. Having returned to England, he was sent, with the Earl of Gosford and Sir George Gipps, to Canada, on a commission of inquiry as to the causes which led to the Papineau rebellion. Soon after his return from Canada he entered Parliament, residing in a huge castle of a place, near London, called "The Oaks," built entirely of brick, a model of which used to stand in the Drawing Room at Government House, Barbados, when he was Governor, and which may be remembered by some of the survivors of that day and generation besides myself. Those were the days when rich and poor alike paid for such of the light of Heaven as they could afford to admit into their dwellings; the window-tax of "The Oaks" amounted to the small sum of £70. Sir Charles's career in Parliament was too short to show what he could do in that capacity; yet it was in an amusing way "distinguished" by his resemblance in figure and appearance to the illustrious "Mr. Pickwick"—Dickens's immortal character—who had just then come on the stage of the literary world. The seat in Parliament was soon given up for the Governorship of Barbados and the Windward Islands. He arrived early in 1842, bringing his family with him, except his eldest son, Captain Grey, R.A., who did not join him in the West Indies until he went to Jamaica as Governor-General, the son becoming then his father's military secretary. There must be many still alive who remember what a charming family they were; how completely they identified themselves with the social life of Barbados during their two years' sojourn here; what a sweet and pretty woman Lady Grey was, and what fine children

called her mother; what a handsome miniature model of Sir Charles his son Henry was, and how his mother idolised him; and how much they were all missed when Lady Grey and the whole group flitted back to England, leaving Sir Charles to dispense alone the hospitalities of Government House for his remaining three years. This he did, it will be remembered, in quite a princely way, sustained even on a larger scale afterwards in Jamaica. In Barbados he was very popular with one class, but not so with the other classes, who thought he had overlooked them in his patronage. His subsequent career in Jamaica quite redeemed his reputation in this respect. It was perhaps because more of the coloured classes in Jamaica had had a European education, and were therefore better qualified for sharing the patronage of the Government, that he was able to show his freedom from prejudice and his impartiality than he succeeded in doing in Barbados. For the reasons stated in the beginning of the article I abstain from further reviewing politically his government of the Windward Islands. I will only say that, in my humble opinion, he left his mark on the community for good. It is true, he was apt to be prolix in his public utterances, and visionary in his proposals for the public benefit, reaching far into the illimitable future and taking in far too wide a range of surroundings for the vision of the average man to reach, or perhaps for *any* to reach except Sir Charles himself; for, if ever a man was in advance of his day and generation, *he* was that man. Yet his painstaking care and conscientiousness in administering affairs of Government,

his watchfulness over the public interests, his cheerfulness and hopefulness of tone in looking forward to the future, his appreciation of our institutions and kindly estimate of our character as a people, his *bon-homie*, his fine-cultured intellect, his hospitality, his amiability of temper, and his large-hearted charity, all contributed to make him one of the best of our Governors. Before I pass on to say a word about his subsequent career, I will give an anecdote or two to show his keen sense of humour. He said, on one occasion, in playful allusion to the names of the then leading doctors in Barbados, military and civil, that they were a formidable set ; for they had amongst them a Butcher, a Cutting, a Hugh (Hew) Bone, a Berril (Burial), and Clarke (Clerk). He told a young lawyer who had applied for several appointments before asking for the Solicitor-Generalship, that he was already Solicitor-General, for he asked for everything. Yet this facetious man could be so grave as to think he had "squared the circle ;" for he showed me a few years before his death an elaborate mathematical proof, which had solved, *to his satisfaction at least*, a difficulty as great in the estimation of all others who ever attempted it, as the finding of the philosopher's stone, fabled to transmute everything it touched into gold.

Sir Charles Grey's career in Jamaica was a chequered one. "The Ireland of the West Indies," as Jamaica has been called, tried his mettle more than Barbados did. It was his misfortune to have to fight a battle on behalf of the Home Government in which his better nature and feelings were not enlisted. The equalisation of the duties on free and slave-grown sugar found Jamaica, in spite of its decadence from a factitious

greatness which could never return, with an overflowing Public Treasury, which it soon turned into a deficit. The storm which followed was terrible. The patience, the amiability, the firmness, and the courage of the Governor were tried to the utmost. So far from being astonished at him losing his temper at last, and giving way to utterances which led after a seven years' Viceregal reign to his recall, no one who knows the history of that struggle can doubt that a less strong-minded, good-tempered and able man would have been knocked over in the affray long before, and that an average Governor would have resigned or been recalled through some *faux pas* quite early in the struggle. Sir Charles Grey could not stay the stoppage of the supplies ; but his wise administration of affairs, in spite of overwhelming odds, averted the otherwise inevitable consequences, the hopeless and absolute ruin of the Colony. The timely use he made of his powers as Captain-General with political control over the military, prevented disastrous outbreaks or nipped them in the bud ; and he certainly preserved the peace of the Colony during a very prolonged and trying political storm. His known sympathy with the colonists, and disapproval, to some extent, of the course pursued by the Colonial Office, kept from his head the visiting of the sins of his superiors in office, which would inevitably have shortened his (under the circumstances) wonderfully prolonged tenure of the reins of government. In spite of everything, he was personally liked ; and those who could get over their antipathies to the Home Government so far as to accept the hospitalities of King's House, found in his good-humoured and



cultured society a delightful relief from the political storm raging around them.

Lady Grey and his daughters never joined him in Jamaica. Indeed, death called her away while he was there. But his fine, manly son, Captain Grey, was with him as his military secretary all the time ; and two of his sons, who had been with him in Barbados, visited him in Jamaica before entering on their career in the East Indian Civil Service. Captain Grey returned to Woolwich, intending before rejoining his battalion to brush up his studies, after his long leave of absence while on the staff of his father, but death took him away while there. He succumbed to an attack of brain fever. Sir Charles, on Sir Henry Barkly succeeding as Governor, went on a visit to the United States, but returned to Jamaica, where he resided as a private gentleman for some time. Afterwards he went to Paris, and finally settled down at Tunbridge Wells, in England, where he died, full of years and honours. Four unmarried daughters and two married sons still survive him. He was a sincerely-attached member of the Church of England, though very liberal, even latitudinarian, in some of his religious views. In politics he was a Whig of the old school, with much of the Conservative about him, though this may be said of almost all English politicians of whatever shade of opinion. His attendance at church was not regular, indeed comparatively rare, and still rarer his attendance at Holy Communion. No one can defend these omissions ; but that his heart was in the right place and his moral character a high one, no one could doubt who knew him as well as I did. A green spot in my memory must ever be consecrated to the

good old man ; and a renewal of life-long friendship with him in the better land, one of my most cherished anticipations.

This sketch would not be complete without the introduction of an honoured Barbadian name. The modest retiring man who owns that name would deprecate any allusion to him ; but duty requires the statement that Sir Charles Grey showed his appreciation of moral and intellectual worth when he selected, as his private secretary in Barbados, Mr. Thomas Forster Pilgrim, and afterwards appointed him to the much more responsible and lucrative office of "Governor's Secretary" in Jamaica. It is due to Mr. Pilgrim to say that none who came in contact with him in either capacity could doubt his admirable fitness for both appointments. In those days a private secretary was not a mere master of ceremonies, but did much that a colonial secretary now does. If he will allow a warmly-attached friend to say it, all who knew him rejoice that in his native isle and in quiet retirement he is passing the evening of his days as serenely and cheerfully and happily as a gracious Providence permits. It is the reward of a well-spent life which does not always come *here*, but sometimes has to be waited for *in the world to come*.

#### SIR WILLIAM REID, SOLDIER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Sir William Reid (better known to us as Colonel Reid) came from Bermuda. He had gone to Bermuda in troublous times, and administered the Government with great success. Following so eminent a man as

Sir Charles Grey in this Island, Colonel Reid had not a very cheering prospect before him, but he was fully equal to the circumstances. There are many all over the island who will remember the appearance of Colonel Reid. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man—high forehead, expressive countenance, especially for firmness. There never was a Governor here who was more frequently seen abroad. Early in the morning he was in his saddle, and to be found in some part of the town or the rural districts. He visited the public institutions frequently—used his eyes, saw everything for himself, and made acquaintance with men and things in all directions and under all phases. He saw at once what was needed when work was going on, and he did it, or had it done. He was a man of few words. His public addresses and messages to the Legislature were brief, but clear and emphatic. He was a great temperance man. The temperance reform was at its best during his administration, and he did much to promote it. At this time the smuggling of gin and brandy was carried on very extensively. Seizures were frequent. A moiety of the sum realised by the sale of the liquor and of the fine was then paid to the Governor. He appropriated it all for the temperance society then existing, and besides supplied it with books and tracts from America. The good His Excellency did in this way was immense. He was a great promoter of primary education. Our educational system was then only in its infancy. Colonel Reid, aided by his excellent wife, liberally assisted the existing schools. They visited them, encouraged the teachers and helped the poorer children. We have

seen them sitting on benches in one of the schools listening to the children as they read, and asking them questions on what they had read. Many a bundle of clothing did they take to the schools, and supply to such children as were declared to be deserving of it. He was a patron of higher education. His Excellency founded the Reid School of Practical Chemistry in Bridgetown. When Professor Fownes visited the Island he took him to Government House and set him to work on an elementary book of chemistry, which His Excellency had printed and circulated by hundreds. With the co-operation of Dr. Thomas and Dr. Walcott he laid the foundation of the School of Chemistry, and for the work now carried on by Professor Harrison, at Harrison College. He was eminently practical. He saw at a glance the possibilities of things, and worked up to the possibilities. We have said he was a philanthropist. But there was nothing mawkish in his philanthropy. For some reason our prison discipline had become ineffectual about the time of his arrival. He determined to improve it, and he soon succeeded. Cutting close the hair of unruly women was one of his regulations, and he did not spare the rod when its employment was necessary. It was said the cat was vigorously used during his administration. This may be true at the commencement of his administration, but after it had become known that he was firm to punish, but helpful to the meritorious, corporal punishment was rarely inflicted in the prisons. His Excellency's plan was to prevent crime, not to punish it, but where punishment was necessary it *was* punishment. The criminal class feared him, but at the same time they respected him, and we believe there never

was a Governor who left Barbados with more affectionate regard from the whole community. In Mrs. Reid, His Excellency had a valuable co-helper. She laid herself out to promote every useful work in the community, and she was ready to co-operate with all who sought to do good in any way. His Excellency gave much attention to the theory of winds and tides, and published more than one book on storms. His "Law of Storms" is a well-known volume, and his writings on the subject have done much to promote a knowledge of it. Sir William Reid retired into private life after he left Barbados, and carried on his philanthropic and scientific labours for the general good in England till the time of his death. We have had many Governors in Barbados who have done well for the Island and its people, but we never had one who did better than Colonel Reid.

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## LESSONS LEARNED AT THE BARBADOS SAVINGS BANK.

How well do I remember the first meeting that was held in Bridgetown to promote a savings bank. The chief promoters of the project were, Mr. H. E. Sharpe, then a practising barrister at our bar, Mr. B. T. Young, Mr. H. B. Gall, and a few other gentlemen. Mr. Young had been writing in favour of a savings bank for some time, but he had few adherents. Many objections were made to the project. Looking back to those days one wonders how intelligent people could put forward the objections that they did. It is true for all that, that it was seriously said it would do harm to the people for them to save money, for it would make them independent and idle; that it would not be safe to get large sums of money into a savings bank, for it would be a temptation to speculators on the one hand, and to the officers employed on the other; that it would be the means of revealing men's affairs, and it would create heart-burnings and jealousies in the community. Those were some of the objections then put forward. There were many others of a kindred character and equally fallacious, which I need not write down here. After much discussion and opposition, the bank was organised and opened in High Street in the office of Mr. Gall, who was the first actuary. It was he who was also concerned in the Barbados Mutual Life Assurance Society, together with Mr. B. T. Young and Mr. John

Inniss, who were the chief promoters of this society. I remember the first day of the savings bank, the first deposit of five shillings, by Mr. Sherriff, and the pleasure which beamed in Mr. Gall's eye over that first deposit. I remember, too, the disappointment that was felt and openly expressed by the prophets of evil in town as the days went by and depositors came forward. I remember the efforts made to persuade men that they were risking their money by putting it in the bank, and how more than one party in town was induced to receive money and promise a better interest and security than the bank could offer; and, alas! I have good reason to remember how many had to lament that they had been induced to turn from the bank to some of these parties and lose some of their hard-earned savings of months and years. As I mean to record here the lessons learned at the savings bank, I note the first, which is—That the best of men are only men at best; and fall into errors like the most—errors which sometimes bring a terrible punishment upon themselves and others. It is within my knowledge that some of the parties who were averse to the savings bank lodged their money in private hands, and in the West India Bank, and lost every penny. It would be interesting to read at this day some of the articles written by some of the same parties against the establishment of the general hospital, the Barbados Mutual, and the public library. Good men they certainly were, but they were crystallised, and it was too much to expect that they could get out of their covering. Some of them lived to see and acknowledge their mistakes. Others died in the confidence that Barbados would be

ruined by the savings bank, the general hospital, the public library, and the Barbados Mutual. Such awful innovations must bring destruction in their march. It was tempting Providence to punish us for our foolhardiness. If these people had lived to see the cable laid down to connect us with the outside world, the telephone conveying communication from house to house, the trams carrying all sorts of people all over the town, and the fire insurance societies in operation, they would have laid them down and died. We are merciful to such mistaken men, but have no sympathy with their prejudices.

I pass to another lesson from the savings bank. It is—That in the social world, as in the vegetable, good seed cannot die, good institutions must flourish. Notwithstanding all the opposition to the savings bank, it made great progress. The operations were limited at first—the fact is, the parties working it were very cautious. First it was opened only one day in the week, then two, then three. Now it is opened every working day in the week, and the operations have increased from some 40 a day to 150 or more; the depositors from 50 to 9,068. According to the last return the amount due on deposits was £97,210, received for the year 1888, £77,047; and paid during the year, £60,149. Instead of an actuary who could engage in other business, it now requires an actuary who is at work from ten to four, two first-rate clerks, an ordinary manager in daily attendance, and the official trustees are meeting two or three times a month. Good seed never dies.

Another lesson learned at the savings bank—How littles increase. If the old couplet about “Little drops

of water, and little grains of sand" is not fully exemplified at the bank, it yet proves the truth of the saw—"Care for the pence and the pounds will care for themselves." I have watched with deep interest the entries in several books at the savings bank in which the first deposit was only a shilling or two shillings, and it has proceeded up to pounds. I mention two facts here for their significance. When Sir George Strachan was Governor of Barbados he visited with Lady Strachan and one or two others my school at Sharon. The children were examined by them in reading, arithmetic, composition, and geography of Barbados. They sang for Sir George "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and for Lady Strachan, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." The parties were well pleased, as the note in the visitors' book for the year will show. Sir George paid a second visit soon after, and gave some of the children useful and valuable books, while Lady Strachan gave to five of them a pound each. I deposited that money, as trustee, in the name of the five children, giving each its own book. The result was this, some years after one of the boys died, and his parents had added to the original deposit as much as paid his funeral expenses; in another case enough had been added to enable the girl to buy a cow when she left school, and I saw to the credit of another depositor, not long ago, fourteen pounds. I have myself induced young men to begin to deposit with one shilling, and I am aware that they have gone on to secure pounds, and they still hold books. Some of the books now held by depositors are full of suggestions for thoughtful persons. They tell of successes and failures—they tell of joys and sorrows

—they are biographies in themselves. They speak in no uncertain accent the great truth—"Care for the pence, and the pounds will care for themselves."

Another lesson—sunshine and shade are not confined to the material world. They succeed each other with individuals and families also. No day is spent at the savings bank without my learning more about physiognomy and the alphabet of the voice. One sees there the glad face and the sad face—the successful and the unsuccessful—the prospective bride and bridegroom, and the bereaved parent and child; the new young wife, and the aged widow in her weeds visit it. It is cheering to see the young man open his book with a few pounds; it is depressing to hear the old one wail out, "I have to draw my last shilling for the wife's sickness." To a practical observer the manner of entrance into the bank almost tells of receipt or payment. Across the counter of the savings bank books have passed that contain unwritten histories that would make up a volume equal in interest to any that ever came from the Press—the sunshine and the shade of life have pervaded these volumes.

Another lesson—The man that begins to save in good earnest will go on, and increase his savings. There are proofs of this, of course, in every community, and the history of the savings bank affords many proofs of it. So far from the savings bank making any man idle, as it was predicted to do, it has made many men diligent and thrifty. Many a man has by the agency of the savings bank accumulated as much as would buy him a small house, a horse for a cab, a donkey for a cart, and in some cases he has left his money on safe interest until an investment



has presented itself, which has secured him a comfortable home, or a fair income per annum. Begin to save in good earnest, if you mean to do anything in your life time.

Another lesson—The great value of a good wife. The opportunities are not a few at the savings bank to perceive that the wife is the ruling spirit for saving, as unfortunately she is, when otherwise minded, for scattering. Again and again are to be seen at the bank women so well described by the wise man, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household ; she eateth not the bread of idleness ; her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also praiseth her." I have known women (poor women) open accounts at the bank, increase their deposits, and when the husbands have been sick, or in trouble, or about to buy a house, come to their aid in a way to surprise those husbands. I have known many of the better sort real helpmeets to their husbands, through savings at the bank, who have pulled them through straits that would otherwise have swallowed them up. The blessedness of a good wife.

Another lesson—What great wrongs parents sometimes unwittingly inflict upon their children. To begin with, wrongs at baptism in the names they give them to go through the world. The record of every baptismal register would prove this, and the savings banks prove it, too. Instead of a single family name to a girl or a boy, imagine four or five fancy names to a child—as " Laura, Jane, Estella, Hormonican, Desdemona Smith " ; or, " Demosthenes, Cicero, Luther, Cromwell, Fairfax Tomkins." If these names

are not to be found on the register, there are names longer, more comical, and equally burdensome for the poor man or woman to drag through life with. Poor Sir Isaac Newton! If he could see some of his name-bearers. Poor Lady Jane Grey! If she knew how her name would be howled on some streets. I heard once of a young man who, after having written three lines of a register for one name, threw down the pen and protested against the cruelty to animals. The man who gave his children one after the other the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts Apostles, and Romans, because they were in the New Testament, is equalled by some of our good people, and he who called his child "Moreover," after the kind dog, has his equal in our "Yesterday, To-day, Forever." Parents do their children harm, too, in other ways. A parent will open a book for a child, and when a good sum has been realised will turn and appropriate it; and the child, who has been counting the shillings or pounds as its own, will be terribly disappointed in later days. It will learn the sad lesson of not relying on the parent, or regarding its engagements with indifference. I am sorry to say I have known cases in which parents have had money from children to deposit for them and they have discovered, when too late, that the money has been deposited, subsequently drawn, and never refunded. Unhappy for the child in that case of loss, but more unhappy the parent that could betray such a trust, and do so great a wrong to a confiding child.

Another lesson—The savings bank could, and should be more extensively utilised. A great variety of ways

occur to me, but I must not enter upon debatable ground in this paper. One way I heard a person mention of utilising the bank seemed to me to be excellent. It was as an insurance fund. Instead of paying a high rate for certain insurance purposes it was proposed to place a certain sum of money in the bank and regard the interest as an insurance for the purpose it might be necessary. I believe the time will come when the savings bank will be much more extensively utilised than is the case at present.

Yet one more lesson—If an institution is to succeed in Barbados it must be well officered. It is much the same everywhere, but in Barbados it is a *sine quâ non*. The Barbados savings bank was fortunate in its first actuary. Mr. Gall was a man of great intelligence, of kindly disposition, and he enjoyed the confidence of the people. The bank had a good start in his hand. Mr. Grant, who succeeded Mr. Gall, was a very careful man, and he had good clerks. The present actuary has had the satisfaction to see the bank arrive at a point never previously reached; and it is well known that he has in the two gentlemen clerks in the bank most efficient assistants, who deserve better pay than they now receive, for the work and responsibility of all connected with the bank has increased immensely, and it requires hard labour on the part of actuary and clerks to keep it up to the hour. May the savings bank continue in the future to be the valuable institution it has proved to be to all classes of the community in the past.

## MY FURLOUGH:

### A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE DURING SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE.

I HAD been working very hard for many years, and in 18— my health became so bad the doctors told me I must have rest and change. I could not sleep at night—had strange visions when I did sleep, and I felt with my medical attendant that it was a choice between temporary rest or permanent breakdown. I must go to a cold climate for a season, wind up the old clock, or make up my mind to die. I preferred the former at that time, and having procured the necessary permission, I sailed out of Carlisle Bay in the evening of May 10 in the steamer *Arno* for St. Thomas, to catch the Trans-Atlantic steamer *Nile* for Southampton. The *Arno* was crowded with passengers. The ladies were packed into berths together—the gentlemen were stowed somehow in different parts of the ship. At six o'clock next morning we were at St. Lucia. It is not necessary now to describe Castries Harbour. Everybody knows it, and everybody is acquainted with the course of the steamer from St. Lucia to St. Thomas. Emigration from Barbados has made all these islands as familiar to Barbadians as their own St. Philip and St. Andrew. Familiarity, however, has not changed the grandeur of some of the views in Guadeloupe, Dominica, and St. Kitts—views as fine as any that can be seen in parts of Europe, and seen for the first time, are entrancing.

I have heard Europeans exclaim with delight, as they came in sight of some of the mountains and gorges of the islands. I have seen two or three of those opening to view from the deck of the steamer in Guadeloupe, and in Dominica, many times, and I have never tired of the sight. A word only about the harbour of St. Thomas. Entered for the first time, with the houses rising above each other as on shelves, the Governor's residence and Santa Anna's towering above them all, it is something to see, and more to learn at night when the houses are all lighted. It was not long before that the tidal wave had visited St. Thomas, and so many splendid vessels, with numbers of passengers, had gone down, and then earthquake after earthquake, for months, had visited the island. A lady told me that the effect upon her nerves was such, she could scarcely sleep, and she was like a person condemned to death, and awaiting execution. What a life! St. Thomas was at that time a flourishing town, with very excellent shops, from which you could procure almost everything you might want. While there, I had the opportunity of seeing the Cemeteries. The General Cemetery, about a mile from the town, on the road to Niesky, is a very excellent one. It is well laid out and kept, and contains some costly and imposing tombs. The Moravian Cemeteries at Niesky and New Herrnhutt are very interesting spots—in either of them are to be seen the graves of more than a hundred missionaries, wives of missionaries, children of missionaries, covered with the usual slate tablet recording the date of birth, and the date of departure of the sleeper beneath. I saw also the noble silk cotton tree under



which Bishop Spangenberg preached when he visited St. Thomas, and the prison in which the missionaries were confined when Count Zinzendorf arrived in the island to defend them. The St. Thomas to-day, I regret to say, is not the place it was when I first saw it. Change comes to islands as well as to individuals.

We left St. Thomas early in the afternoon ; we had a splendid run—like river-boating—till we neared England. Then there came two days and a night of rough weather, and then land. We arrived at Plymouth at night, so I saw nothing of it then. On a later occasion I had a look at the beautiful breakwater and harbour. It was a pleasant thing to see. We reached Southampton the following afternoon—delighted with the sight of the Needles, the Eddystone Lighthouse, the white cliffs of Albion, and the picturesque parks and gardens from the Southampton Waters. We landed, and got through the Custom House before 5 o'clock—dined at the Southampton Hotel with some fellow-passengers, and left the same evening for London. Arrived at Waterloo Station about 9 o'clock at night. Proceeded in a cab to Hatton Garden, which was our head-quarters while we were in London, and found a good friend awaiting our arrival. Hatton Garden and Ely Place are desirable localities for those who have business to do in London, as they open on Holborn, are near the principal Railway Stations, and so long as doors and windows are closed they really are free from the London roar that prevails from 4 in the morning till 12 at night. We had some pleasant times at Hatton Garden and made acquaintances we shall always prize.

I shall not describe the London sights, for the simple reason that very few will read these lines who have not been to Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Crystal Palace, the Albert hall, the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Doré Gallery, Madame Tussaud's, the Christy Minstrels, the Zoological Gardens, Rosherville, the Palaces, the Houses of Parliament, Greenwich Hospital. Who has not seen London illuminated? These are things not to be described. But I must mention a day at Hampton Court. That was a day not to be forgotten. With some friends from Barbados we went to Hampton Court early. We took up our lodgings in the Grand Hotel. After luncheon we went over the palace. It is an old but a kingly building. One of the great attractions is the splendid vinery. Such a vine and such grapes! Of course we went through the "Maze." It was most amusing, having got in, to find how difficult it was to get out. We saw two children distressed to tears because they were not able to get out of the windings. One party was in it much longer than I should have been pleased to be. About the grounds of Hampton were several parties out for the day. There were children from two schools with their teachers, all full of fun and frolic. We had dinner at the hotel and then a carriage-drive round the grounds. Took an early tea, left, and arrived at London Bridge Station about 8 o'clock. It was a red-letter day in our holiday-book. I have never asked my friend what that outing cost, on the principle that "Speech is silvern, and silence is golden," and when we were leaving the hotel I saw sovereigns like butter-cups in the room. I must note two of my experiences

in London. Going home from the Crystal Palace one afternoon, I was *minus* my silk handkerchief. I hope my reader knows nothing of the sensation that steals over one the first time he has his pocket picked. It must be felt to be understood. I cannot describe it. One Sunday morning I left Hatton Garden to go and hear Donald Fraser preach. I was told what omnibus to take at Holborn, and when it came up I told the conductor where I wanted to go, and with the assurance it was "All right," I took my seat. After driving for half-an-hour, the omnibus was emptied, and stopped. I was told the church was in an off-street. I went up the street, inquired for the church, and was told that I was about four miles out of my way ! I was too late to get to Fraser's, but I went into a church near at hand, and heard Dean Stanley, who had commenced to preach an anniversary sermon. So far I lost nothing, but I gained this—not to trust omnibus conductors in London.

I visited Leeds, Fulneck, Harrogate, Sheffield Clifton, Bath, Bristol, and Newcastle to attend meetings. It was something to cross the Tyne, and see at Newcastle the beautiful parks given to the Corporation by Sir W. Armstrong, and the Museum in the City. At Clifton the views were splendid, and it was worth a visit to York to go through the narrow streets and over the Minster and the old Abbey. At York I learned to walk. The good doctor with whom I encamped, took me over the walls. I had heard that you must walk with a Yorkshireman to know what walking meant—and it is true. I trotted along while the doctor swung his legs like his stick (and he *did* swing that to a purpose), even then failing to keep

up with him. No matter—onward he went—never pausing, never ceasing to describe everything as if I were by his side, and evidently enjoying the whole, while I was puffing as if my last breath was going. I can declare I was glad when we got to the end of the walls, and still more glad when I re-entered the gate of my friend's hospitable mansion. Strawberries and cream, and splendid white bread, and York ham, made up for the tax upon my poor legs.

After a brief stay in London I went to Glasgow. We left the Euston Station at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning for Glasgow. I had arranged with the guard that my party should have the carriage to ourselves, if possible. At the last moment he opened the door and thrust in a lady. As soon as we were fairly off she took a good survey of us, opened her bag, drew out an air-pillow, a foot-rest, and a flask of brandy. Having made herself comfortable, she entered into conversation with Mrs. E. I listened, and learnt that she was an American—that she had been nearly over the whole globe—that she could milk cows, make bread, iron clothes, and play Lady Macbeth. Of course she was travelling for pleasure, and to get rid of money, of which she had too much. She put the air-pillow for Mrs. E., and insisted she should use it—gave her her foot-rest—changed places with her that she might be more comfortable, and was so *nice*. At Carlisle she insisted that Mrs. E. should go to the restaurant and take refreshment. Mr. E. too, of course. Mr. E. did not. But Mrs. E. was literally lifted from the carriage by the good American lady. I remarked that so soon as Mrs. E. must have been seated in the waiting room the lady was back to the carriage, and turning over

all the chattels. I made a mental note. Mrs. E. returned to the carriage with the good angel, and we went onward. The reader knows what it is to approach Glasgow at night. The foundries were at work, and it certainly was a wonderful sight to see the volumes of flame vomiting from them. Our fellow traveller was in her glory. She was now at this window, then at that, dragging Mrs. E. to the one and the other, and describing all as if she had worked in the foundries. Then she turned to me, and would have dragged me from window to window, but at one time I fancied (of course it was only fancy) I felt a hand too near to my coat pocket. I took care to put on my overcoat, to button it closely, and to put a good distance between *the lady* and myself. She seemed offended, and paid me no more attentions. To Mrs. E. she returned with renewed ardour, and I heard her say something *sotto voce* about negligent husbands. At length we got to Glasgow, and the *lady* was gone before the train had fairly stopped. We took a cab, and went at once to Govan, where we were to be located. Arriving late in the night to our friend in Govan, we simply took some tea and went to bed. Next morning Mrs. E. went to her bag, and called out to me—"Have you been to my bag?" Of course I had not. "Well," she said, "I am sure my purse and my card case were in my bag." Yes, I had seen her with both at Euston Station. She searched, and searched again, for her purse. It was not there. "Well," she said, "there were six sovereigns and about seventeen shillings in that purse; I must have left it at Hatton Garden." "You will never see that purse again," said I. "You lost it at Carlisle, or last



night before we reached Glasgow. The *American lady* (who was a *man* in woman's clothes, or I am a monkey) relieved you of it before she left you. You paid dear for resting on the air-pillow and using that foot-rest." Of course Mrs. E. could not believe that so kind and charming a creature could be so vile. But she changed her opinion before she left England, and agreed with me that I should have lost my purse too, but for that invaluable overcoat and my fancy that the *lady's* hands were a *man's* without mistake.

From Glasgow I went to Ayr, saw Burns's birth-place, and the famous Bridge. Had a look at the glorious sea from the fine beach, and made one or two acquaintances which I shall always prize. From Glasgow I also went to Edinburgh, spent two days going over Princes Street, the Castle, the Cathedral, the old Town, Arthur's Seat, and old Holyrood Palace. The day devoted to this last was spent in the company of American ladies and gentlemen. It was summer, and groups of Americans were in Scotland as usual. They were in great number at Holyrood, and it was a treat of itself to hear the criticisms *pro* and *con* on poor Mary Stuart, Darnley, Rizio, Bothwell, Murray, John Knox, Melville, and above all on that "ugly cousin of Mary's, Elizabeth Tudor." Holyrood will always be attractive, and no one will pass through Edinburgh without going over the historical Holyrood. Of course, I went down the Clyde as far as Gourock, and had arranged to see Sir William Hamilton's seat and the Highlands, but illness prevented.

I went from Glasgow to Belfast in one of the passenger steamers plying constantly between the two places. It was a rough night on board the *Rackoon*,

and it was with satisfaction I saw Belfast quays in the grey morning. I landed early and rode on one of the Irish jaunting cars, with curious emotions, to Ballymena, our head-quarters in Ireland. From that centre we visited Lough Neagh, Chayne's Castle, Portrush and the Giant's Causeway. The mention of these last brings back floods of recollections. Portrush is a beautiful watering place, much frequented in summer, and the drive to the Giant's Causeway. That charioteer! Shall I ever forget him, and his Irish humour? His description of Saint Patrick—the runaway lovers—that wicked husband who drove his wife into the sea—St. Patrick's Choir—the Giant's organ—the tune it plays on Christmas night—the holy water in yon pool—the face at the bottom of it (when you see it)—the Giant's Cave—the row in the boat to it—the discharge of the pistol for the echo—the drive back to Portrush, and the look of astonishment the man gave me when I offered him the fare for which we had bargained. "Faith then, and is it me yure going to give nothing for all I have done for your honour and her ladyship?" "I have given you what you asked." "Yes, for the car and the horse; but for your driver? It is you that are a priest and would let a poor man go to his family to-night wid out a pinny? Shame upon your riverence." I offered him a shilling—"One shilling, and ye have had the best car in all the country to drive in—and the best beast to draw it—and such a man as myself to take ye all the way, and to tell you all about the blessed Saint Patrick and his sweet organ, and all that a man could tell about the wonderful Causeway, which ye never see before, and likes ye will never see agin!

And you a priest! Shame, I say." And he dashed the shilling to the ground. I began to move on, but he stepped before me, and declared I should never leave that place till I paid him his due. A gentleman came to my aid, and told me I had done wrong to give him an extra farthing—that I had paid him twice as much as he could claim, and ordered him off without delay. "O," he said, "its only a joke your riverence, I never meant to harm ye! Next time ye come this way ask for Patrick Rany, and see if he does not treat you like a gntleman!" The gentleman explained to me that it was "the way" of those carmen, and in fact of all the helps about Portrush, who won for the place an evil reputation with visitors.

I have mentioned the loss of the purse *en route* to Scotland, and which necessitated supplies from London. They came to me in a cheque from a well-known London firm on a London bank, which I was told anybody would cash. Having completed my term in Ireland, I left Ballymena and arrived in Belfast about 4 o'clock in the afternoon to take the steamer crossing to Barrow. I went on board to see the purser and arrange for our berths. He came rather late, and I offered him my cheque to pay the passage across. He looked at it, and then at me, and said, decisively, "You will pay me in gold. You had better go on shore and get gold." "All right," I said, and stepped ashore. I went to two banks, and was politely told I was too late. I was getting anxious. I went to a merchant's office, and asked the favour of discounting my note. I could see I was looked at with suspicion. I thought I should have to return to Ballymena, when looking up I saw MacNamara's name on a

place at an office door. I entered, spoke to a young man in the office, and as I spoke, a gentleman came forward. It was the nephew of old Mr. MacNamara, whom I had met at dinner the year before, at Mr. A.'s table. I told him my story, and he laughed. "You see," he said, "your London people should know better than this. The ——— bank is all right, but who in Ireland knows anything about M. & Co? Besides," he went on, "last week a gentleman (?) with a white cravat did several of the people here to a fine tune, and of course we are all on the look-out for white ties now. You can have from me what you want, and send me a P.-O. order on your return to London." I preferred that he should take the cheque, which I endorsed, and got gold from him. With a sense of relief which can be imagined, I went to the steamer just as she was about to be "cast off," and found my people in a nice state on account of my long absence. From Belfast I went to Barrow with more *pigs* than I ever saw before, or have since seen in all my long life—and I must add they were the nicest specimens of pigdom I ever beheld.

From Barrow I went on to London, and after a few days we went, in company with a German lady friend, on our German visit. We took the way from London to Harwich, and thence to Rotterdam. Arriving at Harwich in the afternoon we repaired on board the steamer to find her crowded with passengers. Many had taken the precaution to bespeak berths before they left London. We were not among the favoured, and so we had to rough it. Our ladies contrived to get some sort of sleeping room. We men remained on deck till the rain drove us

below, and then one on a table, another on a crib, and yet another on the cabin floor sought the sleep it was hard to find. Early in the morning (after much tossing about in a rough sea) we were among the dykes of Rotterdam, and with a grey watery sky overhead we were turned adrift on the long pier. We had not much trouble with officials, and after coffee and rolls at the hotel, we left Rotterdam by rail for Ziest. We fancied that Rotterdam reminded us of Georgetown, Demerara, and we enjoyed the green fields and lovely cows that appeared on either side our carriage as we sped onward. Two hours brought us to our station, and a small omnibus conveyed us to Ziest. This is a settlement of the Moravians in Holland. It is in a nice locality—a square of considerable extent. On one side of the square are the Church, Schools, Minister's residence, and Sisters' house. On another side, the shops, Brethren's house, and private residences. On another, shops again and houses of various officials. Canals are abundant, and gardens. A large business is done in the shops. From 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon the place is lively with the carriages of the aristocracy who come in to purchase finery, and others to get supplies of a more ordinary kind. We made one or two excursions from Ziest, and saw with pleasure one or two extensive Dutch dairies. It was a treat to behold the fresh milk, cream, and cheeses, in the various departments, and so clean, so white, so orderly everything. This, as everybody knows, is the manner of the Dutch. From Ziest we proceeded to Berlin. It was a night journey. About 12 o'clock we arrived at Munden, when we had an hour for refreshment. It



was not much we could get on account of the officers and soldiers who thronged the place. At once we saw we were in a land of soldiers, and the evidence was stronger and stronger as we neared the capital. It was the year after the Germans had conquered the French and invaded Paris, and it can easily be inferred that the enthusiasm was intense. There were triumphal arches everywhere, soldiers at every turn one took, bands and regiments to be seen and heard daily. Berlin itself was still *en fete*, and every morning and afternoon from our windows in a house on the Unter-der-Linden, we saw companies of regiments with their bands marching in various directions. The music was delightful. The Museums, the Theatre Royal and the Gardens, were pleasant sights; but my visit to Potsdam was the thing of note in my Prussian visit. Under the direction of a friend, we left Berlin in the early morning for Potsdam. Arrived there about 10 o'clock and proceeded in the best vehicle I had ever used as a cab to see the sights. First, we went to Sans Souci, and were permitted to go over the Palace. There we saw the Chapel that Frederic had erected to the memory of his Queen, and in which service is sometimes conducted. Then we went to Babelsburg, and spent, first an hour on the terraces — rich in fruit and flowers. We entered the Palace with two or three American parties of pleasure, and were conducted over the beautiful place. The situation, the architecture, the fittings, the ornamentation, the furnishing, must be seen to be appreciated. From room to room we were courteously conducted and saw all the place. The hunting trophies, weapons and

sticks of the good Emperor were massed in one room, and were a study of themselves. It was late in the day before we could leave the enchanting scene, and late enough before we reached our lodgings in Berlin. Potsdam and its memories will always be fresh in our mental records. From Berlin we went to Niesky to visit old fellow-labourers, and spent a day at Goerlitz, famous as the spot where Napoleon Bonaparte and the Prussian authorities drew up and signed the celebrated treaty during the Franco-Prussian War. He did not imagine when that treaty was signed that Prussian soldiers would in 1870 sit down in Paris as its conquerors. The chances of war are wondrous. From Niesky we proceeded to Herrnhutt in Saxony. The reader knows that Herrnhutt is the chief seat of the Moravian Church. It is near by the estate Berthelsdorf, given by Count Zinzendorf to the exiles from Moravia. It is a beautiful settlement and thriving. Berthelsdorf, about half-an-hour's drive from Herrnhutt, is the seat of the Unity's Elders' Conference, and where all the affairs of the Church and Missions are considered and controlled. It is very dear to all Moravians. The burial ground, or "God's Acre," is a very lovely spot, and visited by thousands at all seasons. In the Observatory at the end of "God's Acre" we met missionaries from several of the fields. From Herrnhutt to Klienwielke to see the mission schools, and a sight it was to behold the little ones from east, west, north and south—speaking languages as varied as were their little faces—met together for instruction under the care of a loving and loved brother and sister who did for them all that a parent could expect strangers to do. In the sick room it was sad to see

several poor little things whose parents were in Africa and Surinam. They were safe in the hand of the Great Father of all. Passing through Bautzen (another historic spot) we proceeded to Dresden, and after a quiet night and day had an excursion on the Elbe—(what a sight it is from the Promenade near the Palace at night, when the lamps are lighted and the water is ablaze with light!) went over the Palace and through the green vaults. The green vaults of Dresden, with all their treasures, are well known, and I need not attempt to describe them. If the reader wants to know more of them, let him refer to the splendid descriptive volumes in the Library. We had to do in four hours what it requires four days to do with anything like satisfaction. But it was a precious four hours no doubt. A day to the celebrated Picture Gallery of Dresden, with a look at "The Madonna," and "The Descent from the Cross" will never be forgotten. Early in the morning we left Dresden, and embarking at Cologne (after a look at the celebrated Cathedral), we enjoyed a steamer sail on the *Rhine*. Point after point was touched, castle after castle was passed, bend after bend of the great river was rounded, passengers came and went—incidents, pathetic and ludicrous, occurred—Rhine wine by the gallon disappeared. Passengers conversed, slept, quarrelled, and at last we steamed up to the pier at Neuwied, where we landed. A few moments brought us to the Moravian settlement at Neuwied, where we spent a week of rest and enjoyment, going to the Emperor's retreat near by, the beautiful gardens, and such places as were deemed by our friends worthy of a visit. The time went quickly and from Neuwied back to Ziest, thence to Rotterdam,

to Harwich, to London, to Southampton, and to Barbados is written in two minutes, but it occupied all of two months, at the end of which, in a November afternoon, we were again at anchor in Carlisle Bay, and next day at work as usual, with the memories of "Our Furlough," and new friendships made, and new friends in our mental gallery of photographs, who are still dear, and will be as long as memory keeps her sway.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A  
(SUPPOSED) BARBADOS PHYSICIAN.

MY Old Diary ! 18— ! What a flood of recollections surges through my memory as I open the old book. St. Bart.'s Hospital, Holborn—Ludgate Hill—the Strand—Mansion House—St. Martins-le-Grand ! My old lodgings in Islington, near the "Angel." Well, I am an old man, as these grown-up boys and girls, children of my children, prove me to be. But as I turn the pages of this book I seem again to be leaving home for the old country—to hear the dear old pater's words, "My boy, keep your diary ; don't let sleep rest upon your lids at night till you have recorded the events of the day. They may be of little moment at the time, but in the days when you are far from the scenes, the people, and the events, you will be glad you gave the hour to the record. Keep your diary, my boy, and do your duty to God and man, and you will never be afraid to look into its pages." Good advice, as I always got from the honoured sire, and such as young men going to any University, Hospital, or Inn of Court in any part of this world would do well to remember. I did remember it, and my diaries from 1840 to 1850 are now the most precious books I have, and my children are of the same opinion.

My friend, E——, wants some extracts from these old books, which he thinks will interest others as they have interested him. As the parties referred



to in these pages have long lain in the grave I may furnish him with some of my experiences, without doing harm to anybody.

June 8, '42.—This has been a day I shall never forget, nor will others I fancy, if they live to be old as the oldest of the patriarchs. A woman came to us yesterday with a boy about six years old. He was suffering from —, and the doctor thought there must be an operation. This the mother was told, and to fetch the boy to-day. She came early. The little fellow was bright. A handsome face, with his long curls over his head. The mother handed him over to us, and in due time he was laid out for the operation. One of the men suggested that the operation would be very painful, and that chloroform should be used. Old F—— said, "Better take care how you use chloroform with the brat. Ugly thing to have him dead upon your hands." Without more words the chloroform was applied to the little fellow's nose, and F—— took up the knife to cut, when the child gave a sickening sigh and became pallid. "Hold hard," said P—— "what does this mean?" "Mean," said old F—— "he is dead, I tell you." We tried every effort to restore the action of the heart, but it was in vain. The child was dead. "My God," exclaimed P—— "how shall we tell the mother what has happened?" Each one of those present shrunk from the task. At length old F—— said "S——, you must go to the mother; she seemed to take to you; go and prepare her for the blow." I went to the room where she was sitting and she came forward cheerfully. "Is all right?" she said. "How did he stand it?" Dear little Evidie. I could not speak. Something

in my face must have betrayed the fact. She grasped my arm and whispered—it was such a whisper! “Mr. S——, what is the matter with my child?” “It is all right,” I said, in the bitterness of the moment. “All right,” she answered. “Then bring him to me.” “I will bring him,” I said, “if you will promise me to be calm.” “I will promise you anything if you will bring my darling.” “Very well,” I said; “but remember you must be very calm, and remember it is *all well* with him.” “Yes,” she said, “I see—it is all well with *him*, but oh, Mr. S—— what about *me* and *his* father?” I got away from the poor woman, and entreated them not to send me back to her. But they thought it best I should take the child to her. I did, and when I put him in her arms and saw the look she gave him, and the kiss she printed upon his cheek, I thought I should drop then and there. She said not a word, but sat down for a little and rocked herself to and fro on the chair. Then she rose, hugged the child to her bosom, and staggered from the room. There was a gloom over us all that day. May I never see the like of it again.

November 6-18.—Last week I returned to London from Aberdeen, where I had gone for my final examination as surgeon. Yesterday old P. said to me, “If you are not engaged to-morrow I want you to be with me at an operation I am to perform on a lady in Portman Square.” I was glad to be with him and I said so. “Come to me to-night, and I will tell you something about the case,” he added, as we were separating. I was in Harley Street (No. 8) at 8 o’clock. After referring to some cases that had occurred at the hospital during my absence in Scotland, P. said—“About the lady in Portman Square—she is an original.

She is only 35, but she has been a widow for five years. She married when she was 20 ; her husband was in the Foreign Office, and they were comfortable. He died suddenly five years ago, and left her childless. She has a little mammary tumour. It is really of no consequence, but she insists on its removal, and has adopted the strangest notions for the occasion. It is to be removed on the anniversary of her wedding, and she has arranged for an extensive *dejeuner* after the operation. All the parties who survive that were at her wedding are to be there, and many besides. You will help me at the operation, and you shall go with me to the feast after it. If you were two or three years older I would advise you to make an impression on Mrs. I., for she is still young, beautiful, and rich." I smiled and thought of my Pater, and his advice. "No, no, Dr. P.; you may be sure Mrs. I., with all her charms, will not charm me. My heart is in that far-off Island of the West to which my face is even now set." When I was leaving P. for the night, he shook hands and said, "By the way, you may as well bring the chloroform with you in the morning." "All right," were the last words I spoke to him that night. At 10 o'clock this morning I was at the door in Harley Street, and found that P. had just returned from an early call, and his brougham was ready to convey us to Portman Square. We reached the house of Mrs. I. in half-an-hour, and I found the place perfect in every respect. It was a fine house, admirably furnished, with evidences of great taste. We were conducted to the reception room, which was a gem in its way. Soon after we had been seated Mrs. I. and a lady friend came in. Mrs. I.

floated into the room. She was a beautiful woman, indeed. She was arrayed in bridal costume, and had even a wreath of orange blossoms on her dainty head. She looked like 25, and not 35, as P. had said. I concluded he was wrong about her age. After a few words Mrs. I. said, "I am quite ready, Doctor, and anxious to have this trouble over. Are *you* quite ready?" He was, and we followed Mrs. I. and her friend to an adjoining room, in which was a splendid couch that had been prepared for the occasion. There are times when a man is under influences which he can neither understand nor describe. The moment I entered the room a cold current seemed to steal through me. I felt as if my heart were ceasing to beat. My hands were like lumps of ice. Mrs. I. took her seat on the couch. P. arranged his case, the lady friend bared Mrs. I.'s neck, exhibited the tumour, and Mrs. I. reclined on the couch, her hand in that of her friend. She looked like Hebe, and was bright and cheerful as a bird. P. stood over her, and said to me, "Use her handkerchief for the chloroform." "Oh," she said, "Dr. P., are you going to use chloroform with me? Take care you don't kill me with chloroform." "All right," he replied, "I hope to dance at your wedding, not to weep at your coffin." I dropped a little chloroform on the handkerchief, but my hands trembled while I did it. I could not tell what had come over me. At a nod from P. I held the handkerchief near to her face. "You don't dislike the smell of this, do you?" She said, "Oh no, I rather like it." In a short time her hands dropped—her colour went—I removed the handkerchief and looked at P. The hands of Mrs. I. fell from

her friend's lifeless. SHE WAS GONE! P. drew her shawl over her neck, and sank into a chair. "It's all over," he said. "Heart disease, and I never dreamed it."\* A piercing shriek, and a thud on the floor reminded us of the presence of her friend, and the room was soon filled with the attendants. The lady-friend was carried from the room, and Mrs. I. was handed over to her old nurse, whose sorrows were heatrending. As we passed from the room where Mrs. I. lay in her beauty and death, we saw through the open door of the room near by the long table groaning under the viands that had been laid on for the *dejeuner*. It was a mocking sight. Not a word escaped the lips of P. He entered his brougham and drove off. I saw him at the close of to-day and he looked ten years older. Poor old P! I have no desire to sleep to-night. I cannot shut out from my vision that couch and the lovely Mrs. I. extended on it. N.B.—I made this note in my diary later on: "Never fail to ascertain if there are symptoms of heart disease before you venture to apply chloroform in any case." The experience has been useful to me in my after life, and except in those cases where chloroform has been absolutely necessary I have always used the far safer ether as an anæsthetic—with most satisfactory results.

March 4-18.—I have not made an entry in this diary for some time. To-day, however, I have had a very trying and disagreeable duty to perform. Yesterday evening I was called by Mrs. S. to her only son, a very fine young fellow, who had met with a bad accident. He had left school, and was preparing to go to

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\* This scene is laid in England, but it actually occurred in Barbados:



England, to study medicine. His mother permitted him to have his cousins and some other friends to spend the day with him. In the afternoon they gathered outside the house, and with two old horse pistols were firing at a target. Several shots had been discharged by the others when S. took his turn. There was an unusual report, a sharp cry from the lad, and he fell to the ground. His mother was soon on the spot, and S. was conveyed to the house. It was found that the old pistol had burst, and his hand was dreadfully lacerated. When I arrived at the house, the mother was in a miserable state and S. was lying on a couch in great agony. Examining the hand and arm I saw that the thumb and first finger on the right hand were almost separated from the hand, that the palm was torn and lacerated, and several of the small bones of the hand and wrist were shattered. There had been great loss of blood, and the poor fellow was enduring great pain. I severed the remnant of the skin and tissues which still kept the thumb and finger attached to the hand, and applied an antiseptic dressing to the wound, as a temporary measure, until I could obtain a consultation with my friend, B. W., whose opinion I wanted with regard to the advisability of an amputation. This done I prescribed an opiate for him, with the directions that he should be kept quiet, and if any grave symptoms presented themselves before I returned, that I should be summoned immediately. His mother followed me out of the room and said, pathetically, "Doctor, is there any danger?" I told her there was always some danger in such cases, but I did not apprehend more than the ordinary trouble in this case. There was risk that

the necessity for amputation might occur. This had never occurred to Mrs. S. "Oh" she moaned—"my poor boy! to lose his hand! And he has so long had his mind set upon following his father's profession. (He was an eminent surgeon.) Doctor, for mercy sake, avoid an amputation. It will be the death of my boy. He is so earnest and excitable. If there should be an amputation he will never leave that room alive." I said all I could under the circumstances (language is poor enough in such cases), and promised to return with W. as soon as I could obtain a consultation with him. This could not be effected till this morning. When we saw S. we found that he had had a restless night, and spite of the opiate he had but little sleep. He was greatly depressed. After consultation W. and I decided that there must be an operation, and that without delay. The young fellow followed my looks searchingly. I resolved that he should read nothing from my countenance, but his instinct was keener than my caution. He said, "Doctor, you will have to remove the hand." I hesitated to answer, and he went on—"I know you will, doctor. I saw it separated from the arm and lying by my side last night. I felt your saw going through my bone. There is an end to all my hopes and aspirations. I shall never be what my father was, as I had possibly hoped. It is very hard to submit, but I suppose it is all right. I shall understand better later on. I wish I could truly say: 'Thy will be done.'"

He turned his face to the wall, and his frame shook awfully. His mother was told what was imperative, and the operation was performed as soon as possible, and successfully. When he recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic he asked to see the hand, and look-

ing at it he sobbed: "Now there's an end to all my dreams of usefulness and my progress in life." For some time he was in a very critical state, not from the effects of the operation, but from mental excitement. The condition of the poor mother can be imagined—I need not describe it. I must hurry them away to England as soon as I can get the poor fellow fit to leave the house.

June, 18—. It was in the year 18— that I was called, for the first time, to see Mrs. H. She was a young English lady, not long married, and had no child. She gave me few particulars of her case. It was from her husband I heard the symptoms. She had lost strength, was nervous, frequently depressed, and fanciful. As their circle was large, and visitors numerous, I fancied Mrs. H. might have mind-worries, and, prescribing tonics, I recommended change of scene—Worthing or Bathsheba. Mrs. H. was unwilling to leave home for any time, and after some visits she professed to be better, and I ceased to call. About six months passed, when I was summoned to her assistance. I was struck with the change in her appearance, and sought for the cause, but in vain. I was fairly puzzled, and the anxiety exhibited by her husband made me more desirous to be of service to her. It was evident to me that her system was unstrung, and I endeavoured in every way to restore it, but every effort was in vain; I sought for information concerning her relatives (for she was English) but got no help from the information. There was no hereditary taint as far as I could learn. It struck me that there was singularity in some of her proceedings; but there was nothing definite. Sometimes Mrs. H. would remain

in her bedroom for two or three days together—would see nobody on those occasions but her husband, and her maid—an English woman who had followed her to Barbados. Even my presence was not permitted at such times. Then she would descend to the drawing-room and assume an air of gaiety, which seemed so incompatible with her supposed severe attack. I was baffled. Did she take the medicines I prescribed? O, yes, the woman affirmed; she took them regularly and carefully. I saw one thing clear enough, and it was that this woman had a marked influence over Mrs. H. It might be that coming from her old home it was natural, but it did not satisfy me, and I mentally resolved, that from her I should have to obtain knowledge which was not to be had elsewhere. How to obtain it without doing harm was the difficulty. I waited. Weeks went by and there was no real improvement in Mrs. H. The poor husband was becoming miserable. He suggested other medical advice. I told him frankly I did not believe there was anything radically wrong, though I confessed I was baffled, and left it to himself to call in another physician. He did so, with the result that my treatment was approved and confirmed. But when Dr. K. was leaving, he took me aside, and said, "S., have you considered the possibility of mania in this case?" I told him my fears had been in that direction, but I had failed to get a clue that would help me. "Look well to that woman-servant," he added, "and you will get the clue you need." I had felt this for some time, and was glad to find my views confirmed. For several days nothing worthy of note occurred. Mrs. H. had taken to her bedroom, declared herself incapable of

leaving it, and saw nobody. The husband's anxiety was intense. I was summoned late one evening with the tidings that Mrs. H. had developed brain fever, and was furious. When I arrived at the house I found the husband had been called away from home for a few days by business, that Mrs. H. was suddenly become worse, and that her screams had alarmed the household. I repaired at once to her room and was met on the landing by the maid. She was remarkably calm it seemed to me, under the circumstances, and declared that her mistress was now better—that she had been much excited from her husband's absence, and as she had fancied from the medicine she had taken. I repudiated the idea of the medicine having excited her—it would soothe, not stimulate. "Yes," the woman replied, "that is well, for I was in the very act of giving her a dose." "Is it in your hand?" I asked, seeing a bottle in her hand, with which she was toying. "Yes, it is." "Let me see it," I said, and I took the bottle from her reluctant hand. I removed the cork, put the bottle to my nose, and found it to be *brandy*! "How is this?" I asked, in surprise and indignation. "How do you dare to tell me this is medicine, and that you are going to give this poison to your mistress?" "It is no use," she replied, "I can conceal it no longer. This is the only medicine she has taken for weeks, and it is this that is killing her. My poor mistress! A kinder and a more lovable woman does not live, but for years she has given way to the use of stimulants, and then she cannot help herself—she will have brandy from time to time; when she does not have it she seems to be dying, and when she does get it now she begins to be violent. Doctor, I have longed to tell you



this before, but she has been down on her knees to me and implored me not to reveal her secret. She has promised to refrain from the drink when I threatened to tell you, and she has tried. Yes, she has honestly tried, till the thirst came upon her, and she has declared she would kill herself, or me, if I did not bring her brandy. I have been compelled to procure it for her, to prevent her from going out to obtain it. What I have endured during these two years cannot be described. If you can help her doctor, help her, and do not let her husband know it, for it would kill him." Here was a revelation. This was the secret I was seeking to obtain ; and now I had obtained it, what was I to do ? I would not see Mrs. H. that evening. I wanted time to reflect, and I told the woman I would return the next day. I went at mid-day on the day following, the woman told me her mistress had learned from her all about the discovery of the previous evening, and that she had declared that she would not see me. I had made up my mind on my course of action, so I walked into the bed-room without parley. Mrs. H. was sitting on her couch, and as I opened the door she tried to rise, but failed. Then she covered her face, and refused to speak to me. I sat beside her, and I told her what I had learned. I expressed my sympathy with her. I spoke to her as a father. She broke down, and sobbed piteously. I pointed out to her the danger she ran, and the certainty of ruin if she continued this course. Yes, she said, she knew I was right—it was all true, and the loss of her husband's affection was the worst of all. But what was she to do ? She had tried, God knows how she had tried, to resist the temptation, but she had failed !

she would try again, but she knew she should fail. Was she not mad? Could I not declare she was mad and send her to the Asylum. There she would be safe. I promised her silence and help, such as I could give her. But I warned her of her danger, and entreated her to exert her self-control. Poor thing, she had lost all self-control. I left her with a heavy heart, and it became still more heavy when I thought of the devoted husband, and the blow the discovery would be to him. I did not see Mrs. H. the following day. On the morning of the second day I was summoned with furious haste to the house. I arrived to find a scene of terrible confusion. I ran up to the bedroom, opened it, and entered to find Mrs. H. breathing her last. The woman said the night I left her she was all right—the day following she was silent, moody, and irritable by turns. In the evening she demanded brandy and took it freely. During the night she was frequently up, and had been to the medicine chest, but she did not see her remove any medicine from it. Then she had spasms, lost her speech, and finally succumbed. I looked upon her. A fit? Yes, it was a fit. She had had a terrible fit, from which she had never recovered. Drop a curtain over the scene when the husband arrived, as he did before I left, and entered the room. Let it be said she died from a fit, and let him never know, poor man, the terrible secret of that young life, and death. But I made this resolve, and I keep it: do not prescribe alcoholic stimulants for your patients, male or female, until you have exhausted the pharmacopœa in every other way.

August 18.—I have had this month one of the peculiar experiences not unfrequently made by a man

that practises in these islands. I was called to see a man named J. W., who, I was told, had taken a violent cold, and was supposed to have congestion of the lungs. When I saw him he was in the last stage of tetanus. His teeth were clenched as with a vice, and his body was rigid. I could do nearly nothing for him, but observing a strip of plaster across his forehead I made inquiries and learned that about a fortnight since he had had a fight with another man, had received a wound in the forehead, and had had it dressed by Mr. W. D., a chemist and druggist in town, who was at that time not very popular with the Faculty on account of some articles he had published, and especially on account of the free use he had made of his tongue in reference to some of them, whether right or wrong I cannot tell. D. was a man of some talent, and knew how to use both pen and tongue, and he did use them freely. I told the relatives, from my observation of the wound and what had been communicated to me, that the man would die, and that his death must be announced to the Coroner. Two days after I was invited by the Coroner to make a post-mortem examination of the body, which I did. After an external examination, and finding no marks of violence, except the wound on the forehead, I opened the head, and searched around the frontal sinus carefully. Removing the stitches that had been made between the nose and the brow of the left eye, I found there had been a rather deep wound made by a hard, rough, substance. The wound was contused not lacerated. Opening it enough to insert my little finger I found what I at first supposed to be two particles of bone, but on getting them out they were two pieces of coral rock. The

fact was, D. when he dressed the wound had not searched for a foreign body, but, deceived by the appearances, and possibly anxious to be about his shop work, he had stitched into the wound two pieces of the rock with which the man had been wounded. Inflammation had supervened, it ran all along the base of the brain — the brain had taken it up, and the poor fellow had died from this cause. There was enough to account for his death then before my eye. But I had learned from my attendance at the Courts, never to be satisfied with half-and-half examinations of a dead body. I remembered to have been present on one occasion when a man was tried for murder, and nearly escaped because the doctor who made the *post mortem* found a wound in the neck, which he considered sufficient to cause death, and stopped there, and the Counsel for the prisoner insisted that the deceased suffered from heart disease, and proved it too, and the doctor could not swear that the deceased had not died from heart disease! I opened the chest, the abdomen, and examined all the organs. They were sound. The fact is I never saw a sounder specimen of humanity. The poor fellow had eighty years in him, and at twenty-five he had died from—well I need not say what. I gave evidence before the Coroner's jury, and there was a painful scene. One-half of the jury were for committing D. for murder, the other half for sending on the man that had inflicted the wound. The wisdom of the Coroner prevailed, and a verdict was returned that the deceased had come to his death from a wound received from B. A. The latter was

apprehended and sent on to the Court of Grand Sessions for wilful murder. When the trial came on at the Criminal Court the Counsel for A. contended that the wound was trifling, and in itself not sufficient to cause death, but that D. should be at the bar, not A., inasmuch as his unskilful treatment of the deceased had caused the death. But the Judge told the Jury that the principle of law was that if a man inflicted a wound upon another which caused his death after a certain time he was guilty of murder or manslaughter, according to the circumstances, even if neglect or wrong treatment of the wound was proved, and possibly hastened the death. And it was a right principle, said the Judge, for no man had a right to use a razor or any instrument to inflict a wound upon another, which might in any wise lead to his death. The Jury took time to consider their verdict, found A. guilty of manslaughter, but recommended him to merciful consideration. The Judge, in passing sentence, expressed his concurrence in the verdict of the Jury, told the prisoner he had had a narrow escape, came down heavily upon poor D. for meddling with matter beyond his reach—hoped the case would be a warning to him, and spoke with approbation of the manner in which the *post mortem* examination in this case had been conducted—a contrast, said His Honour, to some that came before this Court. It may be supposed I was not insensible to the words of approbation from the Bench, and I find this N.B. at the end of the record! “Be careful to see that there are no foreign bodies left in a wound anywhere, but especially in any part of the head; and whenever you make a *post mortem* examination



assume nothing—go through the body from head to foot before you give evidence, or express your opinion.”

December 18.—The experiences of a medical man, even in a small island like this, are very varied and striking. I went out to Bathsheba last month for a short holiday, and while there I had one or two remarkable cases before me. So it is with us. We rise in the morning and can never predict what the events of the day will present us with. Sometimes we met with most ludicrous events—sometimes, on the other hand, with tragedies that are all the more terrible for their reality. There are, in these old diaries of mine, records that bring out the noble that is in human nature, and poor human nature too, while there are records that exhibit men, and women too, in their worst aspects. There are records of patience, forbearance, endurance, self-sacrifice, exquisite in their way. On the same page there are evidences of selfishness, cruelty, self-indulgence, cowardice, meanness that are most repulsive. Such is life. I suppose every profession would supply the same records. I have said I was at Bathsheba last month. A day or two before I left my temporary home, my friend B. called one morning and said he had a peculiar case to investigate, and invited me to go with him to the investigation. I went. Reaching a sort of cave beneath the Cliff, the summit of which was between Hackleton's and Edgecliff, we found, under the care of the police, the dead body of a coloured man. He was well-dressed, about 35 years old, and of a respectable and healthy appearance. We were told he had been found early that

morning not far from where he was now lying, quite dead. He was well-known, lived on one of the estates in the neighbourhood (Malvern, I think) and was a very peaceably disposed person. The day before had been showery, the night was dark, and it was suggested that being out in the vicinity of the cliff, he had walked in the wrong direction, had lost his way, and had fallen over the cliff and so met his death. There were many persons about the cave, and one man, especially, a hale young fellow, was forward to answer questions and to offer suggestions. I looked at the body of the deceased, and was struck with the fact that his upper garments, and his shirt especially, were badly torn, some pieces completely off. On the neck and jaws were scratches such as could be made by human nails, and in his right hand was a piece of woollen cloth. He had no woollen garment upon him. There was a wound upon his head, not on the forehead, not on the back, but more towards the coronal region. I noted all these things, and as I turned to make an observation to B. I saw the young fellow I have referred to take up the dead man's hand, and try furtively to get the piece of cloth from it. As he caught my eye he dropped the hand, and I never saw a man confess to guilt in my life as he did in his appearance. He shrunk away, and when a moment after I sought for him he was gone! B. and I went from the body to the spot where we were told the man was found. It was full of bush and debris, but we examined it carefully, and we were rewarded by finding two sticks not far from each other. One of those sticks was proved to belong to the deceased. On the other

were several hairs, and some blood. The hairs the same as the dead man's. We proceeded to the top of the Cliff, and found the place from whence the man had fallen, and we found, too, evidences that there had been a fearful struggle. The ground was crushed evidently by the feet of two persons, one foot shorter than the other, and the grass was trodden around for some distance. The struggle to escape had been fierce. No doubt was left upon the mind of B., as there was none upon mine, that there had been a cruel murder, and I communicated my suspicions to B., respecting the fellow to whom I have referred. My suspicions were confirmed when it was declared that the second stick was the property of that man, and when a warrant for his arrest was issued he was *non est inventus*. He got away from the Island by some means, and has never been heard of.\*

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\* I wish it to be understood that, although not written by an M.D., all the cases in this diary were real—not one is a fiction.

## MY EXPERIENCES: NOTES FROM A REPORTER'S OLD BOOKS.

IT is now many years since I ventured upon reporting for the Press. At first I adopted the system of arbitraries and abbreviations, but after a careful study of Harding's system of shorthand, I commenced to use it for my reports. My first essays were made in the Magisterial Court. Some of the cases heard therein were amusing—some saddening—some revolting. The Magistrates of that day took great liberties on the Bench, and sometimes queer things were heard from their Worships. On one occasion I gave a speech that was made on the Bench to a prisoner on trial. The morning after the paper appeared I entered the office, but before I had taken my seat, Mr. Magistrate addressed me: "I see Mr. ———, you have got in your paper what passed here two days ago. That will not do, sir. You must confine your reports to facts of the case, or we shall not allow you to make any reports. You must not bring the Bench into contempt, sir. I shall see your editor, and tell him he must look well after your reports or he will get none from this Court." I tried to justify my report by reminding His Worship that it was correct, but I was silenced, and taking my seat I went on with my work. (In those days the Magistrate was an autocrat in his Court, and opened and closed the doors to the public as he pleased, so "my Editor" thought discretion the better

part of valour, and directed that the reports should be made in accordance with the views of the Bench.)

Turning the pages of my note-book I find myself in Demerara. I am colleague with S. H. on the *Chronicle*. There are many records that interest me greatly. I am engaged in the trial of John Emery for libel. Emery was a wonderful man—the Lord Byron of British Guiana, in a literary and political sense. In his appearance he resembled the pictures we have seen of Byron, and he had his club foot. He was co-editor of the *Guiana Times*, and bitterly opposed to the Governor and his party. His writings were more than incisive—they were killing. He was more than once before the Courts for libel, and his defences (he was his own Counsel) were learned and exhaustive. As a rule he was the victor. He was a man of warm heart and generous impulses, as his marriage proved. He died early, and was much regretted in a large circle in Demerara. To report Emery was no easy task.

A turn of my page and I am at a public dinner given to Sir Henry Light by the Irish Brigade. I shall never forget the speech made at that dinner by Judge Norton. He was the first Puisne Judge of the colony, and he responded to the toast, "The Bench and the Bar." It was the most eloquent oration I ever heard in my life. To the consternation of my colleague I threw down my pencil and gazed upon the Judge. He poured forth a torrent of eloquence as he gave the rise of the Bar and the progress of the Bench. His sketch of the conflicts of the Judges—the reign of the Stuarts—the ship money—the battles fought and won, with a sketch of Hale, of Mansfield, and one or two others, was



something grand. Those who heard it will never forget it. When he sat down the long room echoed for several minutes with the applause of the hearers.

My election notes would fill a small volume. The first Assembly Election I record was held at the Cathedral, where the St. Michael's Elections were at that time held. I believe that the scenes that occurred within the walls of the venerable building on the occasion of that election convinced the Assembly that the time had come for closing its doors to elections. The candidates for the suffrages of the electors were: In the Conservative interest, Mr. G. N. Taylor and Mr. Robert Bowcher Clarke; in the Liberal interest, Mr. Henry E. Sharpe, then Attorney-General of the Island. The excitement was intense. Mr. Sharpe and his friends sported the blue ribbon—the other candidates, pink. Flags were flown, placards were everywhere—"Our countrymen for ever." "Sharpe for ever." "No humbug." "Down with nonsense." And others of the like. Every effort was made on both sides to win the day. I believe that nearly every elector of the time was dragged to the poll. In the afternoon, when it was announced that Taylor and Clarke had won the contest, the enthusiasm was unbounded. The cheering, the flag flying, the illuminations, were universal. Very rarely has such an election scene occurred in the history of Barbados. The successful candidates carried themselves bravely. Mr. Sharpe and his friends acknowledged their defeat, but declared that their victory would come in due time. And it did.

Not many years after Mr. Sharpe was elected for Bridgetown, and my next election notes record the

contest between Mr. Sharpe (now in the Conservative interest) and Mr. S. J. Prescod in the Liberal interest. Mr. Sharpe (with Mr. H. Crichlow) still sports the blue. The election is now at the old Court House (the present Water Company's office). The franchise had been extended and the battle was fierce. In the course of the day Mrs. Sharpe drove down to the Court House with a basket of her husband's rosettes and scattered them among the crowd. It was an unwise proceeding, and might have led to trouble. As it was, she saw them torn to pieces before her face, and was rewarded with some hissing. Her husband was very angry at the treatment she received. Mr. Prescod was called to the front of the Court House and had to make a short speech to the crowd. At the close of the day he was at the head of the poll, and Mr. Crichlow withdrew in favour of Mr. Sharpe. Then the uproar commenced, and through the town that night the rejoicings were continued. Mr. Prescod was elected, the people had got the victory. Messrs. Prescod and Sharpe represented the city for many years, but Mr. Sharpe never forgot that contest, and in the House the battle between the honourable colleagues was fought to the bitter end.

I turn over my election and legislative notes. There are many of them, but I am not writing a history, and some of the records are too recent for reproduction without pain to some of the parties concerned.

I open my book at my legal notes. Some interesting records are here. The Courts were held at that time in the Goal, called for courtesy the Court House. Later on they were transferred to the new Court House (the Water Company's present office.) A woman is

on trial at the Court of Grand Sessions for infanticide. Mr. Clarke (Solicitor-General) prosecutes. A new barrister has taken his seat in Court. He is requested to undertake the defence of the prisoner, and Mr. Sealy (Sir John Sealy now) makes his first defence of a prisoner in the Criminal Court. I need hardly say it was a great speech. The Court was full, and when the tall and commanding Counsel stood up to address the Jury, the silence was almost painful. He spoke for more than an hour, and such an appeal to the Jury was never before heard in the Court. It was a masterly oration. When his last words were spoken there were few dry eyes in the room. When he rose, I believed the fate of A. I. (the prisoner) sealed. When he sat down I was sure she would be acquitted. Mr. Clarke said little in reply ; the Judge said nothing (he was a Member of the Council according to the custom of those days), and the jury retired for a few moments, returning with a verdict of concealment of birth. The woman's life was saved, thanks to Mr. John Sealy.

A few years later. There stands in the dock a young man, named J. T. The long indictment, read by Mr. P. J. D. Lynch, for many years the Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court, charges him with decoying many natives of this Island from Barbados to Texas, Mobile, Galveston, and elsewhere, and selling them in slavery. The Court is densely crowded. Witnesses are numerous. Commissioners from England (who had been sent on the track of J. T.) are there. Mr. Clarke prosecutes again. It was a notable trial. The young fellow had really persuaded labouring men from Barbados to accompany him to New York, and from thence he

had got them to Texas, to New Orleans, to Charlestown, and had sold them into slavery. As the case proceeded, the evidence became stronger, and at last one of the men that had been sold at Galveston was put into the box. He gave damaging evidence, and although the prisoner's Counsel did all that it was possible for Counsel to do, the evidence was irresistible, and when Mr. Clarke replied to the prisoner's Counsel, in a speech that electrified the hearers, there was not a doubt left on the mind of one in the Court that J. T. was guilty. So the Jury at once found, and he was sentenced to transportation for life.

Another great criminal trial was that of H. P. T. for extensive larcenies of Colonial Bank notes. T. was the cashier of the bank, Mr. M. was manager. T. enjoyed unbounded confidence. He was the intimate friend of the manager. He had one key to the vault, and as Mr. M. was not in good health, often had the second key also in his possession. He abstracted piles of unsigned notes (taking them from the bank in a tin box, chiefly on Sunday), forged the signatures to them, and sent them round the islands for circulation, even to St. Thomas and America. Of course, as cashier, he had great opportunities to take the notes over the counter, and he used his opportunities. It was during his absence in England and Paris with ladies of his selection from this Island that the robberies were discovered. When he came back a small parcel of notes was entrusted to him to proceed to St. Vincent (to get him away while the case was being investigated by the bank authorities) and it came out in evidence that two of those notes were in circulation in Barbados the very evening he sailed for St. Vincent.

That was sufficient for his apprehension, and on his return to Barbados he was apprehended on the charge of larceny of those notes. What a sensation that apprehension occasioned in all quarters. The idea that H. P. T. would steal two or three bank notes ! The thing was absurd ! When brought before the Magistrate he and his friends were indignant. After the evidence had been given, the Magistrate decided that the case must go to the Higher Court. Then the application was made for bailing the prisoner, and when it was refused everybody was indignant. But the bank did not show their hand. They had caught their bird, and they held him fast. At the next session of the Court Mr. Nanton came from St. Vincent to defend T., but the Attorney-General applied for a postponement of the trial, as important evidence was at a distance. Mr. Nanton opposed the application, but it was granted, and another six months rolled away. Then the trial came on, and such a trial it was. For nearly a fortnight it drew its slow length along. Witnesses came actually from all parts of the world, and Mr. Sharpe read the history of poor T. It was a sad history, and, although the efforts of Mr. Nanton were nearly herculean, T. was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. At the close of the trial Mr. Nanton rose, and said he would not leave the Court without leaving on record his declaration that Mr. M. (the manager) was stainless in this matter—his only fault had been his unlimited confidence in one that had grossly abused it. T. was conveyed to the prison at District A., and a fine morning, about two months after his conviction, the people of Bridgetown were astonished to hear that he had succeeded in



making his escape from prison ! There was, of course, an official investigation, and it was found that a great hole had been dug in the corner of the wall, by means of which it was said T. had made his escape. He was never apprehended.

Here are some notes made in the Civil Courts. In the Court of Common Pleas the executors of the late Governor, Sir Evan MacGregor, sued the Barbados Life Assurance Company, to recover 10,000 dols., claimed on policies issued by the company in favour of the Governor. The Attorney-General (Sharpe) is for the company. Mr. Sealy for the plaintiff. The case creates much excitement. The Court is crowded. Sir Bowcher Clarke is Judge now. The new regime has been inaugurated. The pleadings are most interesting. The witnesses are searched by Counsel. Dr. Clarke, Dr. Chapman Dr. Cutting, give medical evidence that is most important. Poor Sir Evan is laid out before the Jury and anatomised. He had many wounds on his person, and they are probed, and probed again. Technical terms are hurled about like cricket balls, and witnesses perspire like sick men. When the evidence is closed, Mr. Sharpe speaks famously, but Mr. Sealy, in reply, is crushing.

The Chief Justice went carefully through the evidence—laid down the law on the case, being much affected (to tears) when he spoke of the Governor, and repudiated the idea that he had made wilful misrepresentations to obtain the policy. Told the Jury that the issue was a very narrow one. It was not whether the life was a good or a bad one, but whether the policy had been obtained by fraudulent representations.

The Jury gave the Plaintiff his premiums, with costs, a verdict that satisfied neither party.

Other cases—some amusing—some terribly painful—are in the books, and may appear at a future time.

June, 18—. A very stirring incident occurred to-day. I went with my friend J. B. to the Assistant Court of Appeal. The Court had not long been established, and the Judges were Messrs. Garraway, Cuppage, and Tinling. They were good Judges, especially in matters of equity. The chief was Mr. Garraway. He was a remarkable man—tall, intellectual-looking, very courteous. But he was awfully sensitive, especially about his compositions. He sported a splendid gold snuff-box, from which he extracted snuff almost constantly. He walked into the Court in the morning (it was kept then in the south room of the house that is now occupied by the Bridgetown Waterworks Company); at 10 o'clock, placed his box and silk handkerchief on the table, arranged his papers, and worked and snuffed vigorously. He was certainly the genius of the Court. B. was an excellent reporter (shorthand writer), but sometimes careless in transcribing. A jovial fellow, full of fun, and a sincere friend. He had given annoyance to Judge G. once or twice from his carelessness. Two days ago he had published a report with two grave blunders in grammar under G.'s name. As I saw them I said, "B. is in for it. If the Judge does not come down upon him I am mistaken." This morning as we walked towards the Court I told B. what would happen. "Ah, well," he said, "I hope it will not be the end of me." We entered the Court—took our seats at our own little tables, and opened our port-

folios. In a moment Judge G. took a large pinch of snuff and cleared his throat, as his custom was when he was about to speak. I knew what was coming. "Gentlemen reporters," Mr. G. said, "before we begin the business of the Court, we wish to say that, while we welcome reporters to this Court, we must insist that our proceedings be put before the public correctly. We cannot consent to be brought into ridicule or contempt. It has happened more than once of late that in the — newspaper words have been put into my mouth that I never used — phrases that I could not use. If this should continue we shall be compelled to take steps for our protection." I did not feel like wearing a cap that was not mine, so I rose and said, "Does your Honour refer to the — newspaper?" "No," said the Judge, "I do not. The reports of that paper are usually correct." "Thanks, your Honour," I said. B. rose and said, "I very much regret, your Honour, that anything like what you refer to should appear in the report—but it is entirely owing, your Honour, to the disadvantages we reporters are under in reporting here. We have no proper accommodation." This was too bad. "What," says Judge G., "can you really mean, Mr. B., to excuse your blunders in grammar on account of accommodation. What will be the next excuse?" "Oh," said B., "I beg your Honour's pardon, I was thinking of another thing." "Very good, Mr. B.," exclaimed the Judge, "I am glad to hear you have begun to think, and I hope you may think now to some advantage." B. was on his legs again, but good Judge Tinling came to the rescue and said, "That will do. Officer, call Jones and Marshall." And the business

of the day went on. One good result followed—we were soon allowed to sit at the end of the Judge's table to report, and B. was particularly careful with his reports. He was my colleague for a long time, and we jointly reported some of the most famous cases that occurred in Barbados.

I do not wish it to be inferred from the foregoing extract that I made no mistakes in my reports, and had no troubles. I remember, on one occasion, I reported a speech made by Sir Bowcher Clarke in the House of Assembly, and that the day after it appeared I met Sir Bowcher. "Oh," he said, "Mr. O., what shall I say to you? Have you not made a mess of my speech of last Tuesday? Why did you not send it to me for revision? You would deserve me (laughing) to bring you to the Bar of the House. Don't let this happen again. You know you have access to me, and therefore you have no excuse for such mistakes." "All right, Sir Bowcher," I replied. "But you see I was anxious to get that speech out and you were in the country. It was unavoidable." "I see," Sir Bowcher rejoined, "it was a case of *distraint* and could not be *deferred*. You don't have many such cases, and let this be the last." As a rule, he *revised* his speeches after that, but did not *rewrite* them, as speakers do now-a-day.

Mention of the House reminds me of an incident in which B. (referred to above) and I were concerned. There was in the House at that time a gentleman that gave us a host of trouble. He was frequently on his legs, and his speeches were reported with great difficulty. He employed long and involved sentences, and his pronunciation often misled us. For the verb to

his nominative we had to search between some twelve or thirteen lines, and his adjectives and expletives were famous, or, properly, infamous. The worst of it was, he was constantly nagging at the reporters for garbling or falsifying his speeches. We made speeches for him, and I can declare for my part I did it in good faith. On one occasion it was reported he intended to bring us both to the Bar of the House for misreporting him, and when on that day the Speaker took the chair, the place was crowded with spectators, anxious to witness the sport. We were told, however, that he acted upon the advice of the Speaker and Solicitor-General, and abandoned his intention. In the course of the day he had a fling at the reporters, and we determined to pay him off. B. and I arranged to give his speech verbatim, and we did. It was on the Militia question, in which he referred to a former speech of his honourable and learned friend of St. George, pointing to Frost of England, Williams of Wales, Papineau of Canada, and the Socialists of Barbados. It was a speech to read, and it was read. I cannot spare room for it here, even if I had a mind to reproduce it, which I have not. It had its effect. From that day the reporters had no trouble from the hon. gentleman, who became, in fact, very friendly, and would furnish us with statistics and quotations when he made them, which was not seldom. That verbatim speech did him a world of good.

I was often asked to report at Bible and Missionary meetings. I remember a Bible meeting at the St. Mary's Boys' School, Sir William Colebrooke in the chair. After the report had been read and the first resolution moved, Dr. B. was called to second it.



Rising, he said, "I have the honour to second this resolution, and I wish to"—and he sat down, but soon rose again, and told the spectators he had much pleasure to—and he dropped into his seat. A third time he essayed to speak, but he got no farther than his desire to. The Secretary rose and briefly seconded the resolution, which was carried. Dr. B. had prepared a capital speech, but when he came to reproduce it every word had left him. This gentleman went to Canada soon after, and became a lecturer in one of the Colleges. He returned to Barbados many years after, and I heard him deliver lectures on Astronomy and Geology, without a note or scrap of paper—keeping his audience entranced for two hours on each occasion. He became a Minister of the Church of England, and did excellent work as such.

A queer incident occurred this evening (May 18) at a Missionary meeting. Mr. C., the Superintendent of the Mission, made an effective speech on the duty of liberality in the Mission cause and towards all its agents. He was rapturously applauded, and I observed an elderly gentleman near me particularly demonstrative. Not long after the old gentleman was called upon to second a resolution. He spoke of his interest in the Mission work and the duty of all parties to assist. "For my part," he said, "I have determined this year to double my contribution." ("Hear, hear," cried Mr. C.) The old gentleman turned to him, and went on, "Yes, sir, I mean to make my pound two pounds this year, though you, sir, without rhyme or reason, have cut my small salary in half, sir!" It is hardly necessary to say this brought down the house, and I am sure Mr. C. never forgot it.

June, —. A missionary meeting at ——. Some good speeches. At last Mr. — rose, and for two hours he roamed over the heavens, then he descended under the earth, then he went through all the waters around the earth, discoursed on Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Physiology, Anatomy, Theology—in fact he touched upon everything animate and inanimate. One of his colleagues could bear it no longer. "How can you," he said to me, "write down that tirade? Oh, the diarrhœa of words! Let me pass—it has made me sick," and so he left the platform. It should be added that this latter gentleman was himself somewhat of a *rara avis*.

Oct., 18—. I was taking notes to-day at a meeting at the Town Hall. The object was to assist the sufferers from the famine in Ireland. Dr. B. made a good speech, and so did the Rev. J. T. An amusing incident occurred in the course of the meeting. A certain gentleman rose and delivered not a speech but a sermon on the occasion. Whereupon Mr. H., who followed him, commenced in these terms:—"May it please your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen, after the *very exhausting* address to which you have listened"—a roar of laughter followed. Mr. H. looked around as if to ascertain the cause. The laughter increased; in blank astonishment (assumed, of course) he asked, "What is it? I do not understand." "You mean," whispered the Governor, "the *exhaustive* speech, not the *exhausting*." "Oh," said Mr. H., "of course, your Excellency, I mean the exhaustive speech of the reverend gentleman, and I humbly beg his pardon if I said it was an exhausting speech, though (whispering to the Governor loud enough for many to hear) it is a fact, it did exhaust me."

I give one more extract from my old books to show what an indiscreet act can do, even when the motive is the very best. It occurred at an election in the parish of St. Michael. There had been a warm contest between Mr. H. K. and Mr. B. G. Each had his lieutenants at work to bring in voters, and each had his scribe at his right hand to look after his votes. Mr. S. D. C. acted in this capacity for Mr. K. After a stirring contest Mr. G. was declared to be elected. Some speeches were made to the crowd of voters and others, who began to disperse. Just then Mr. C., who had a basket with a large number of crackers, slices of bread, pieces of cheese, and some sandwiches, which had been left from luncheon, tossed the whole among the crowd. For a moment there was a scramble among the small boys assembled, and others too, for the eatables, when the renowned election agent, Mr. S. C. E., cried out, "Off you dogs, are you going to accept the position that man has given you? Off, I say, and hurl back his food at his head. The blackguard! does he think we are starving? Up with every scrap of his food, and let him have it." And some of the scraps were thrown with violence at Mr. C. In vain did he protest that he intended no insult—in vain did some parties on the other side endeavour to pacify the mob. Matters grew worse and worse, and it was not an easy matter for friends on both sides to get Mr. C. out by a side door, and away in his carriage. The impulsive act (I am satisfied without any insulting intention) roused the bad passion of an excited crowd, and might have led to very serious consequences. It was well that no strong drink had been imbibed during the day,

for if it had there would have been a sad record of that election. Nobody could persuade Mr. Ell—— and some others that Mr. C. did not mean to treat his friends as starving dogs—an insult that was not to be overlooked.

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## THAT MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS DAY.

YES, it was a memorable Christmas Day! Even now when I think of it the whole scene comes back to me so vividly. I had been overworked. Years of labour in the hot town had nearly made me unfit for anything. I could not sleep at night, had become restless, irritable, and seemed in a fair way either to be a confirmed invalid or finish my labours. The doctor said I wanted rest, and must have it. I did not want medicine. He had given me more than was good for me, and I must be off to the country—do absolutely nothing for two months, or put myself on board a ship and get away to England. As I had no mind to be absent from home and work for so long a period, I accepted the invitation of a hospitable friend to spend the Christmas Holidays in St. John's parish, and two days before Christmas, in the year 18—, I was received by my friend T. at H. plantation. Many persons laugh at us when we say that Barbados is a wonderful little place. Well, let them laugh, we who know it can stand the laugh, and when we think of the healthful resorts of the island, and the bits of scenery which gratify the eye in various directions, we can bear the sneer that is implied. From H I made excursions to various places of interest in St John's and neighbouring parishes. One of the first was to St. John's Church, from the graveyard of which is as fine a view as one can have in few places in the West Indies. Hackleton's Cliff afforded another treat. But one visit to Hackleton's Cliff does not



suffice. It requires to be visited at different hours of the day, and at night when the moon is at her full. I remember to have visited the cliff on one occasion with several friends. One of them was an artist, another a terrible talker. My artist friend sat in the gallery of the house gazing upon one piece of the landscape below. The talker got over his shoulder and rattled away, my friend rose and went to the opposite window. For some moments he was as a man entranced. It was evident to me he was feasting on the scene. Rattler followed him and began to dilate on the scene. My friend rose and exclaimed, "Silence, man, you have no eye to understand this!" Poor Rattler was dumb. Then my friend resumed his seat, and it was long before we could draw him from the place. We went also to the Crane and to Whitehaven Bay, which well repaid the drive from H. There are nice views from the hills of St. Joseph and St. Andrew, looking down upon the Scotland district, but to my mind they do not equal the view from Hackleton's Cliff and St. John's Church. Reader, if you are not acquainted with them, make yourself so without delay. They are worthy of your acquaintance. A day's outing to either of them, or both, will send you back to work younger and fresher.

But what made that Christmas Day so notable? The visit to St. John's Church, or Hackleton's Cliff, or The Crane? No one of them. Had there been nothing beyond those visits this paper would never have been written. Let me tell the story that made it notable.

L. A. is one of the estates along the ridge that looks down upon Sweet Bottom, as it is familiarly termed

in the parish. The manager of L. A. had, at the time of my visit to St. John's, been laid up for some time with a rheumatic attack, but this did not prevent him and his hospitable young wife from opening their doors to friends from town. Among others that were on a visit to them were a young lady and gentleman with their two small children. One of these was a sweet little girl about four years old. I saw her in the company of her mother once, and of her nurse the morning before Christmas. In the evening tidings reached us at H. that the child was lost! We could not understand this, and my friend T. and I repaired at once to L. A. to know the truth. Alas, it was only too true. We found Mrs. G. and the household in a state that can hardly be described. The father of the child was away in search of it, the mother was with difficulty controlled, poor Mr. G. was on his back in the bedroom, and there was dismay in every direction. We learned from Mrs. G. that the nurse had been employed with the infant after she had returned from walking with the lost child, who had slipped out of the house and had not been missed for some time. When she was missed inquiry was made, but nothing satisfactory had resulted. Search was instituted, but no trace of the child had been discovered. The people on the estate had gone through the canes, the tanks had been dragged, the ponds waded, scouts had been sent out in every direction, but nothing was heard of the lost child. T. and I were deeply moved at the state of affairs, and we took our part in the search. Commencing with inquiries of the parties who were supposed to have seen the child lost, we moved from the house, but what conflicting statements we

encountered ! One person assured us she had seen the child in the morning go down the road with another child. Another declared he had seen the child, at the same hour, going up the road, and a woman whom he had supposed to be the nurse followed, took up the child, and went upwards. A third had seen the child going in the direction of the canes. While yet another saw it playing not far from the pond with another child. In later days I asked myself did these people lie deliberately, or did they really fancy they had seen what they said under the influence of sympathetic excitement ? At the time one thing was clear to me : we could not act upon any of the statements we received. T. went off to the police station to report the case and secure assistance in prosecuting the search. I deliberated, being terribly puzzled, and rejecting all suggestions about the child being removed by fraud or force, I finally yielded to the conviction that she had got into one of the ponds, or was in the high canes about the place. I could not mention this conviction at L. A., for the state of the household was bad enough, and a hint like this would make it worse. I returned to the house, and found it a scene of horror. Glancing at the doors from which the child would probably leave the house, I proceeded in the direction of the canes. I walked along the pathway bordering the fields. I listened, I looked into the bushes, I whistled, I sung a few notes to attract attention ; but there was no response, no movement but the wind among the leaves. I had tried to prosecute my search alone, but my movements had been watched, and very soon many parties were about me. It was no use to think of the canes ; I was told

all that had been done, over and again, and no child was there. I had to yield, though I was not convinced, and we returned to the house. The shades of night were falling, and no tidings of the child. One by one the searchers came in, with the same tale : No success. Last of all the father arrived, and such a pitiable object he was. Such a company we were in that drawing-room, the night before that Christmas Day. Late in the night I left L. A. and there was no trace of the child. Christmas morning dawned. A joyous Christmas for many, but to all in the neighbourhood what a Christmas Day ! There had been a light shower during the night, and with my convictions about the canes I cannot describe the feelings I had when the drops struck the roof. I was up early and we were at L. A. before sunrise. Were there any tidings ? No ; nothing was known beyond what was told last night. What a Christmas morning had dawned in that home ! The inmates moved about like ghosts. There was hardly a word uttered. The search was renewed. About 9 o'clock a man was seen approaching the house from the back. He had something on his shoulder. Was it a stick ? a dog ? a cloak ? He came nearer—he walked into the room. He took the covering off *the lost child* ! He had walked over the spot I had walked the previous evening—he had gone into the canes here and there, and on a certain spot he had nearly crushed the little thing, drawn up under a bunch of canes, sleeping sweetly. He stooped, took it up, and opening its eyes it had said, “ Mamma sent for me ? ” He had brought it to the mother’s arms, and I dare not venture to describe the scene that followed. The house had been

surrounded by anxious and sympathising persons from early morning, and when it was announced that the *child* was *found* the outburst of feeling was great. In the verandah of L. A. the Doxology was sung by the crowd that morning as I feel sure it was not sung in any other place on the Christmas Day. The little one it appeared, had, as I had from the outset suspected, wandered out of the house during the day, had got into the canes, and was incapable of making its way out. It did not go far, and when subdued by the heat, it had lain down under the cane bush and slept, slept through that night, and on into Christmas Day, guarded by its good angel, and though its garments were dripping with the shower that had fallen, and the dew of the night was on its head and its arms, was bright and happy. It was soon shifted into dry clothing, supplied with warm tea and put to bed. Next day it was all right, and as far as I know never suffered from its exposure the night before that memorable Christmas Day.

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## REMINISCENCES OF 1854.

ISLANDS, like individuals, have their memorial days, months and years. Barbados is no exception to the rule. In years there are 1780, 1816, 1831, 1837, 1843, 1854, 1876, that will always be remembered for the events that made them notable. I have referred to 1831.

To 1854 I must devote a paper, even if it be brief. It was the year in which we were visited with cholera. The year opened well. The weather was favourable for agricultural purposes, and there was promise of a good crop. There had been cholera in Jamaica ; but no grave apprehensions were entertained that it would visit us, until the end of February, when it broke out in Nevis, Tortola, and St. Thomas. Then it was thought the time had arrived when we should set our house in order. The Legislature met, and there were warm discussions over a Bill for Sanitary Purposes. Its chief clause was warmly opposed in the Assembly by Mr. Prescod and other members, because it delegated to a nominee Board the power of imposing rates and framing rules for sanitary purposes. The discussions would be read with interest to-day to show the advance that Constitutional Government has made. The approach of the scourge hastened precautionary measures ; and a bill was passed to secure the appointment of local boards, and to give them large powers in the danger. Not too soon, for while the Boards were removing nuisances in town, lime-washing

houses, and carting heaps of filth from localities in which it had been located for years, the announcement was made, on May 14, that a person had died under very suspicious circumstances in Fairchild Street. It is a fact that nobody would call the disease cholera. The term would not pass the lip of high or low. Fever it was said to be—dysentery—a strange disorder—anything but cholera. By the 17th three persons had died in the house from which the first victim had been carried. But it was declared not to be cholera, even by some medical men. Many features of the cholera were wanting. It was bad diarrhœa or dysentery. But in two days more there were deaths in Nelson Street, Rebitts Ground, Mason-Hall Street, and Cheapside. The burials at St. Leonard's had gone up from 10 to 29, and in another week it was 49. Then the reality was admitted. Cholera was among us, and cholera of the worst type. It increased in town from 10 cases a week steadily to 60, 90, 120, 140, 180, 200, 220, 230, until it reached 340 per diem. In the most erratic manner it went from street to street, omitting one or two in its course, and returning to them when the residents thought they had escaped, and taking off more in such cases than in the streets first visited. For some time the remote country parishes were free from the disease. Then suddenly it appeared in the parishes most elevated and generally considered the most healthy. As in the town, so in the country, its course was most erratic. It would pass over one or two estates supposed to be in its line of movement, and then return to them with terrible violence. It would take a victim here or there—pass

on—and then return to the same place for a score of victims. By June 12 it was all over the island, the most select health resorts furnishing the larger number of cases—as Bathsheba, Worthing, Hastings, Fontabelle, and the like. The town was divided into districts, and medical men appointed to them. Committees were formed in the country, and the clergy and resident gentry worked upon them. Medical aid was not easily obtained in the country, but the Boards issued directions for treating patients, and medicines were furnished to parties of intelligence who were willing to administer them. The panic at the outset of the disorder can hardly be described. Some few left the island—many went from town to the country in the hope of escaping from attack, only to meet the enemy and die. Some would not see a cholera patient, or enter a house where it existed. I am afraid that in the first weeks more than one person was buried before death had supervened ; and I know that many died because there was none to help during the attack. It was a fine time for lumber merchants, carpenters, carriage renters and owners of carts for hire. It was difficult to get enough of workmen to make coffins ; and not a few of the dead in the town were put into the pits dug for the bodies in other coverings than coffins. They were carried to those pits in hearses, carts, carriages and every description of vehicle. Strange sights met the eye along some of the streets of Bridgetown from day to day ; and at night the cries and lamentations that fell upon the ear told not only of the soul that had departed, but the agony that tore the bosoms of hundreds in every direction. The remedies that were resorted to should

be mentioned. Besides the recognised medicines of the allopath and the homœopath, cholera doctors appeared. Dr. Secchi came from abroad and reaped a harvest with his specific; local doctors of their own making prevailed. One said equal quantities of brandy, laudanum and cayenne pepper would never fail; another gave camphor as a specific; another coffee and rum; another Christmas-bush tea; another wild-coffee tea, and a dozen others gave a dozen different prescriptions. Still the people died. At the outset of the disorder it was said by many that water was on no account to be given to the patient. The homœopath allowed small quantities of ice-water. Later on the patient was allowed as much water as he desired. I knew a man who was ill with the cholera, and was left for dead by those who looked after him. During the night he got hold of a large jug of water and emptied it. He was better the next day, and recovered. It was, in some cases, heartrending to hear the cries for water, which were refused. Some of the recoveries were simply marvellous—some of the deaths were most singular. It was awful to meet and converse with men in the morning and to hear they were dead at night. A woman came to me for medicine for her child at 11 o'clock one day, and before she reached home she was stricken down and died before the child. During my Sunday service parties were seized in church, and carried home to be buried within a few hours. The phases of the disease were very different. In one case the pain would be frightful—cramp would double up the body. In another there would be no pain, only a collapse of the whole system, with blue surface and awful cold-

ness. There were some heroic incidents during the progress of the disease. One or two of our medical men, Dr. Francis Goding and Dr. Brereton in town, Dr. Walton, Dr. Bradshaw (the Reverend) and Dr. Walcott, among others that I must mention, were heroic in their labours. In Bridgetown Mr. W. Perkins was more than valiant—he was noble. He gave medicines and food to the poor; he helped them in their sickness; he lifted them into their coffins when others refused; and he assisted the coffins to the hearse, going to the graveyard, and seeing that they were decently interred. The man deserved a monument for his grand deeds during the cholera; and there were a few like him in different parts of the country. We may mention Henry Moore in St. Thomas, and J. King in St. James. As the disease pursued its course, the panic that prevailed at its commencement subsided and indifference supervened. The horror from the numerous deaths ceased to be felt—selfishness began to appear—some remarkable cases of miserly hoarding became known—and avarice exhibited itself in naked deformity. It had become necessary to supply food as well as medicine for the poor, many ceased to work, and lived upon what was given for the destitute. More than one case came to my knowledge in which vile fellows applied for coffins for relatives said to be dead, which coffins were sold, or used for other purposes. As the weeks went on, the scenes represented by Professor Wilson as being enacted in the City of the Plague were in a modified way reproduced here. I gladly draw a veil over this reminiscence of 1854. The disease continued to prevail here till the month of August, and carried off



upwards of 20,000 persons, as far as could be ascertained. My own impression is that the actual number was greater. It began to decline in town the day after the general fast and humiliation appointed by the Government. On that day it reached 340, the next day it was 320, and then it went down to 50, then rose again to 90, but steadily declined to 10, and then left us. In the month of June there was a terrible thunder-storm over the island; in St. Thomas and St. John it was very severe, and did some damage. After that the severity of the disease in the country was not so great.

The cholera made some remarkable revelations in Barbados. It showed—(a) That our sanitary condition was scandalous. The accumulations of filth in Bridgetown and in many parts of the country were incredible. Cart-loads of abominations were taken from yards and spots that had concealed them for months and even years. I should not be credited if I told here what I then saw, and what was revealed to the several Boards appointed to look after the several districts. (b) The overcrowding of houses and localities was another revelation. How and where a great many of the people lived was then made manifest. I wrote a letter to the *West Indian* newspaper at the time, and I will reproduce part of it here—“I sicken when I think of the horrible hovels through which I have had to pass during the last two months. In town, damp situations under rocks, like pits, in some instances, for wild beasts, I found some of the people. My friend, the Reverend Mr. Bishop (then curate of Holy Innocent's) tells me he has seen worse places than I describe. And these (so-called)

abodes for human beings are on estates. In the small houses there are crowded, father, mother, five or six children, and sometimes even more, in one room. I repeat it, I shrink from reciting what I have seen." Later on there was a Commission on Poor Relief, presided over by Bishop Mitchinson, and the evidence collected by that commission proved that the overcrowding and misery in certain parts of the town continued to exist. I have neither space nor inclination to quote details of that evidence. (c) It revealed the ignorance and superstition that existed. None of us could have believed that the mass of the adult population were ignorant as they were found to be of natural laws, and could yield themselves to superstitions that then prevailed. It was made plain to us then, and we learned that our methods of instruction in church and school were to be very different, if to be at all successful. (d) The poverty that prevailed was revealed. In many a house there was neither glass nor spoon to administer medicine. Men and women lay upon bare boards awaiting death. There was not a covering of any sort where it was desired to produce warmth. The poverty was abject. One felt that when disease assailed persons in such miserable circumstances it was hopeless to expect anything but the victory of the enemy ; and in those wretched cases the victory was sharp and complete.

The cholera gave lessons, too, of a very useful character. It taught us—(1) That the neglect of sanitary laws brought certain punishment. Though the disease travelled over the whole island, it is an undoubted fact that the hot-beds of filth yielded the best harvests. In the houses and localities where

cleanliness and caution were maintained, the deaths were few when the outbreak was even severe. (2) It taught the have-somethings that they owed a duty to the have-nothings, for it showed that disease may begin in the cabin, but it will spread to the castle if there is not the care of the latter for the former. From the wretched shanties in the crowded villages and the estates' tenements the infection was carried to the employers' houses and families; and children and parents and relatives were cut down that might have escaped. I heard more than one proprietor regret in 1854 that he had not cared more for the welfare of his labourers, and I know that more than one after that year took a better interest in their temporal and social condition. It was from them that most of the infant schools started into existence and other agencies were floated for the common weal. (3) It taught that the iniquity abounding was beyond conception. The deeds of darkness that were made manifest during the cholera could not be detailed. The manner in which some of them were brought to light was most singular. (4) It taught that deeds of kindness are sure of reward. There were some striking evidences of gratitude among the poor. They clung to those who had assisted them in the most faithful and affectionate manner. I heard much of the ingratitude of the people. But I found in many cases that the ingratitude was towards the undutiful. Physical degradation, it must not be forgotten, has always a most pernicious effect upon the moral, spiritual, and intellectual feelings of man. It brutalises and it barbarises. A great physical and social amelioration

must be made in poor men's homes before a substantial moral and spiritual one can begin in their hearts. We must raise the masses above the level of the brute before we can raise them to the level of the Christian. You must make them men before you can make them, by the grace of God, Christians.

It was during the prevalence of cholera that the utter worthlessness of our water supply was made manifest ; and Mr. J. W. Clarke took advantage of the revelations of the time to urge his scheme for the supply of Bridgetown with water. There can be no doubt that one of the results of the cholera was to advance the scheme that had been put forward before with little good result, and that to the cholera we are indebted, in no small degree, for the Bridgetown Water Company as it now exists.

I may remark that the disease prevailed in 1854, not only in Jamaica, St. Thomas, and Nevis, but also in Grenada and St. Lucia. In Grenada it was very violent.

The question has been asked, and especially in view of the prevalence this year in the island of La Grippe : Are we better prepared now than then for a severe epidemic like cholera ? Are our circumstances such as to enable us to face with more confidence such an epidemic ? Have we profited from the lessons given us in 1854 ? My answer to these questions is—Yes, and No. I think we are in more favourable circumstances now than then so far as our water supply is concerned. We have now an abundant supply of pure water, which we had not then. Our streets are watered and our gutters flooded almost daily ; our poor have water in abundance for all pur-

poses. This is a boon we cannot over-estimate. Now, also, we have Sanitary Boards in existence, and though they may not be very active, they are at hand for emergencies. The medical system for the benefit of the poor is better now than then. Our pauper system is greatly improved. Progress has been made in many directions. But, on the other hand, there is filth enough in Bridgetown to create epidemic ; therefore, far more to feed it if it prevailed. The overcrowding has not diminished, but has rather increased, from recent reports of inspectors ; and the drainage or want of drainage in town ensures fatal consequences for many districts as soon as our epidemic shall appear. The existence of typhoid fever, of measles, and of whooping-cough for years, speaks in plain terms of our neglect of duty. Presently a disease of louder voice will sound in our ears and strike terror to every heart, as did the cholera in 1854 ; and then we shall call for a Day of Fasting and Humiliation, and hope to propitiate Him whose laws we have neglected—and then we shall say :—

This is a voice from other worlds,  
 A voice we cannot fail to hear ;  
 It comes with force and fire,  
 It breaks with fury on the ear.

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## MYSTERIOUS VISITS.

THAT there are mysteries in the natural world, every day's observation proves. That the mysteries in the spiritual world are greater, more numerous, and more inexplicable, is certain. My attention has been forcibly called to one class of these mysteries by some recent occurrences.

Most readers will remember the cases given in Abercrombie's "Intellectual Powers" on certain phenomena. He tells us of a clergyman who was engaged on a certain Sunday in the parish of a brother clergyman, and who after retiring to bed at night was roused from sleep by a voice intimating that his house was on fire. He composed himself again to sleep—was again roused as before—rose, got his horse from the stable, and hastened home only in time to save his family from destruction by fire. Abercrombie tells also of a young lady who was engaged to an officer in the war then going on, and who one evening when playing at the piano, with a fearful shriek fell senseless to the floor, and on her recovery said she had seen her sweetheart shot dead in battle. A few days after intelligence was received that there had been a battle on the day of her vision, and that the officer had fallen on the field of battle.

I have several cases of a similar character among my papers. I know a gentleman who was a native of Sweden. His father was a clergyman. He was himself well-educated, travelled, and a reliable man. He told me that when young he became enamoured of the

sea, and contrary to the earnest entreaties of father and mother he shipped on board a vessel sailing for the East. He made several voyages in her, and when absent on one voyage his mother died. He did not know of her death when he left for Sweden. One night the weather had been very stormy and he was on deck till very late. At length he was permitted to go below and was soon fast asleep in his hammock. He was roused by the voice of his mother saying, "Get up, my son, and go on deck." He sat up in his hammock, expecting to see her. He saw nothing and concluded he had been dreaming. He lay down in the hammock again and slept. This time a hand was laid upon him—his mother's hand—and her voice said "Get up, get up, my son, and go at once on deck." He leaped from the hammock and rushed on deck, to find the ship sinking. One boat only was launched, and the men on deck got into it. The vessel went down in a few moments. The boat was picked up two days after, and the men were landed in England. When he got home he found his mother had died while he was away. This same gentleman told me that some years after this he had agreed to ship in a vessel leaving London for the Mediterranean. He was sleeping in a lodging-house not far from the docks. The night before the vessel was to sail his mother entered the room where he slept and said to him, "Carl, go not to sea this week." He roused and could almost fancy he saw her near him. For some time he was not able to sleep. When he did, however, the same thing occurred. His mother took his hand and held it between her hands and said, "Carl, go not to sea during this week." He told her he would not. She

pressed his hand and disappeared. He did not go in the vessel, and before he left London there arrived a vessel with two or three of the seamen belonging to the other vessel. She had foundered in the Bay of Biscay.

I read not long ago the account of two brothers. They were very much attached to each other, but differed in every respect. One of them was a ne'er-do-well, the other a steady, successful man. The one went from bad to worse, till he left home, and went to the end of the earth to hide his face and his shame. On one occasion he associated himself with some others to commit a terrible crime. They were waiting in a certain place for their victim when the young man started up, and cried, "My God, there is my brother," and rushed towards him. The brother went on, and the young fellow followed. He was led away from his companions in evil, was found next day on a distant road, ill. He had a bad attack of fever, but recovered, and the strange part of the story is, that on the day of the adventure his brother had died, and had left him all he possessed, which was considerable.

I know a lady who had a brother in Ireland. She was in London, and her brother was to join her there, to go out to Barbados. Their passage was taken in a sailing ship. Two days before she sailed, intelligence came to her that her brother could not leave Ireland. She must proceed, and he would follow so soon as he was able. She left accordingly. The vessel had a long passage. The steamer arrived before she did. When she landed the first words she said to her father were : "W. is dead. Fifteen days after we left Lon-

don he was with me on board, and told me I would never see him in Barbados. I know he is dead." It was quite true ; on that very day which she had noted, he had passed away in Ireland.

We are permitted, through the kindness of a friend, to give the particulars of a case that occurred in 1883. A gentleman had two sons absent from the island. One was in England. The father had had good accounts of him in June. On the night of the 4th July he retired to bed, as usual, about 9 o'clock, and dreamed his son was dangerously ill. He went to the building where his son was said to be, which had the appearance of a hospital. He saw many persons, and inquiring for his son was shown to his room. Entering the room his son sat up in bed, and stretched out his hands to him. He sat on the bed and his son threw himself on his bosom, and *died*. He said no word and made no sign. It was half-past twelve o'clock. A stranger came into the room and performed the usual offices for the dead. The gentleman waked up, looked at his watch, and found it *half-past twelve*. He slept no more that night, but told his wife and daughters next morning, that the son and brother were dead. He was to have taken part in the Horticultural Show, but declined, as he *knew his son was dead*. On the 26th the steamer arrived, and when the person brought in the letter announcing his death, the gentleman said. "I know my son is dead. He died at half-past twelve o'clock on the night of the 4th July." *It was even so*. The young man had been in Edinburgh, but went to London sick, was placed in a hospital, and died therein on the night of 4th July. I do not think this one of the cases to be explained by

coincidence. How it is to be explained I will not say.

A lady of my acquaintance professes to know whenever one of her dear ones is going to die. She had an aunt to whom she was much attached. She died years ago. This lady was sitting in her window one evening a year after her aunt's death when her aunt passed the window leading by the hand a relative of the lady. She was at a distance at the time, and within a few days the lady heard that the young person was dead, and had died about the time when she saw her with her aunt. And it has occurred several times since either that the aunt has indicated the death or has been seen with the newly-departed.

A friend on whom I can rely told me, some years ago, he knew a lady and gentleman who were engaged to be married, but he was killed by the fall of his horse. The effect upon the lady was very sad. She became almost melancholy. About a year after the death of her lover the lady appeared at breakfast one morning in high spirits. The change was noticed, and she was congratulated upon her improvement. She said, "I am very happy now. On Sunday I shall be with W." Then she told them that during the night her lover had come to her room, and told her that on Sunday night she would join him in Paradise. She declared he had remained at her bedside for more than an hour and on leaving had kissed her. She died during the night of Sunday, with the words, "I come, love," on her lips.

To another friend I am indebted for the assurance that a lady died and left a bright little girl eight years old. The child hardly realised the loss she had sus-



tained. Some months after she was attacked with diphtheria. Shortly before she died, she opened her eyes, and looking towards the window she whispered, "Mamma! come for Jenny! Dear Mamma." And so her spirit left the body.

I could give one or two remarkable cases in my own experience, but I forbear. I am not superstitious, nor easily imposed upon, and I have no faith in ghost stories, or the like. There are, however, cases that seem to me not accounted for by coincidence, or imagination, or fear. That there is a Spirit World we know, and to what extent those who inhabit that world, or are on their way to it, are allowed to influence loved ones in the material world is a question we cannot solve. That it is so, however, I for one firmly believe.

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## SERJEANT BALLANTINE.\*

THE kindness of a friend has afforded us a treat which we shall not soon forget. It was in placing "My Experiences," by Serjeant Ballantine, the celebrated advocate, at our perusal. The book contains within 500 octavo pages, reference to every judge who has presided over English Courts from Lord Tenterden to Sir John Coleridge—to every eminent pleader from Mr. Phillips to Sir John Holker—to most literary, scientific, artistic personages (men and women) who have lived for two generations, with anecdotes illustrative of the most distinguished amongst them, for the first time made public. Any book from the pen of Serjeant Ballantine would have been welcomed by numerous readers. This book will be read by all classes, not only with pleasure but with profit. The book reveals some of the strange inconsistencies and anomalies that existed in the administration of the land in major as well as in minor courts in England, in days not too long gone by. It reveals, too, the secret by which legal appointments were made, and the work of the police done, in London especially. Serjeant Ballantine has his favourites on the Bench and at the Bar (who has not ?) ; but he deals fairly with all but one of them—Lord Campbell. For him Serjeant Ballantine has hardly one good word. The cannie Scotchman did him one or two bad turns, and the serjeant never forgot them.

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\* This review was written for a journal in 1883.

For Lord Cockburn, on the other hand, he could not find good things enough to say. The anecdotes are numerous, racy and well told ; they illustrate, amuse and are full of point, without wounding anybody. Take one at the end of the book, where a noisy, passionate, blustering barrister has closed his harangue to the jury, and his opponent rises and quietly commences his reply with the words : " My lord, gentlemen of the jury, now the hurly-burly's done, I will ask you calmly to consider the case before you," &c. We might give fifty of the same character, but there is no time for us to quote them. Mention is made of most of the celebrated cases in which Serjeant Ballantine was concerned, either for the prosecution or the defence. In the discussion of these, there are weighty remarks on the value of medical evidence, and the evidence of the police. He shows, in relation to the former, how often juries are diverted (in England) from simple questions of fact by questions of debate started upon medical testimony, as in cases of poisoning and lunacy. The skilful advocates, he asserts, too often allow prisoners to escape, or, the other way, get convictions against persons by pursuing medical theories instead of adhering to the facts proved in evidence. He puts on record cases in which the police, to support a theory of their own, offered evidence which it was most difficult to rebut, and could not have been rebutted but for providential occurrences. One was the apprehension of three young men of respectable connections on a charge of burglary. They were returning home one evening from a party, when they were apprehended by the police on a charge of endeavouring to break

into some establishment in Oxford Street, and the police actually produced the implements and appliances with which they swore the young men were trying to effect an entrance. Fortunately, there was evidence to effectually rebut the charge, and the police were convicted of perjury. Beauty and education have not kept women out of the dock at Newgate. Serjeant Ballantine relates the case of a young lady, the most lovely he ever saw, who contrived to secrete stolen property of great value in the chambers of a young law student, to whom she was affianced, and the poor fellow had to stand by her side in the dock as a receiver of the stolen goods. He was really innocent and was acquitted. She was found guilty and transported. The best part of the story is: On her voyage to Australia she captivated the doctor or the chaplain going out with the convicts. She was given over to him on his arrival in Australia; he married her; she became an excellent wife, and entertained Serjeant Ballantine at dinner years after. We are not told what became of the first love. Let us hope he got his call to the bar, his brief, and his lead on one of the circuits. The cases of Madame Rachel, of Tawell, of Palmer, of Courvoisier, can only be mentioned; as well as the great Wills cases. The reader must go to the book for them. We must refer to the Tichborne trial of 1871. Almost everybody remembers that trial. Serjeant Ballantine was for the claimant, Sir John Coleridge defended. Mr. Justice Bovill presided. We happened to be in England that year, and shall never forget the excitement which prevailed as, day after day, the *Times* brought out the evidence. Opinions fluctuated with

each issue of the *Times*. The learning, the judgment, the wealth, the quality of England was equally divided on the subject of the Claimant's identity. Wagers were laid, and thousands of pounds changed hands in those days. Tichborne bonds were issued at a premium, and every evening when "Sir Roger" left the court it was to receive an ovation from the crowd about Westminster that wanted to do him honour. Serjeant Ballantine says the mother of Sir Roger Tichborne induced him to accept the retainer, about which he had serious doubts, till, in an interview with that lady, she said with emphasis, "Mr. Ballantine, must not a mother know her own son?" It is a fact that, for whatever reason, the good lady claimed the convict as her son up to her death. Serjeant Ballantine is down upon Mr. Justice Bovill, as well as upon Sir John Coleridge, for the conduct of this case. He says it was well known at an early time that the real Sir Roger was tattooed on both arms at Stonyhurst, and that one of the parties who assisted in the tattooing was alive, and producible in Court; that the first day of the Claimant's appearance in the witness box would have settled the case, by requiring him to exhibit his arm for the tattoo marks, whereas the case was allowed to drag its slow length along for weeks before the tattooing was referred to, and the Stonyhurst witness was not called. It was, however, that Stonyhurst College which brought the claimant to grief. Though one of the priests (the poor fellow afterwards became a lunatic) employed on the establishment sided with the Claimant, Sir Roger could not describe its localities or its curriculum, and was so evidently unacquainted with the elementary



instruction given at Stonyhurst that Serjeant Ballantine had resolved to submit to a nonsuit, and went into court on a certain day for that purpose, when Mr. Justice Bovill stopped the case, and (without precedent) allowed the arrest of the Claimant on a criminal charge, for which he was soon after tried, and sentenced to penal servitude. On that charge he was defended, it will be remembered, by Dr. Kenealy, the able, but misguided, editor of the *Englishman* newspaper, and instead of allowing the prosecution to prove their case, Dr. Kenealy revelled in abuse of judge, jury, counsel, and every respectable person that dared to differ from him. Such a prostitution of intellect we never knew. The best that can be said for Kenealy is, he was mad. He died some time after Sir Roger's conviction, suddenly, and, if we mistake not, in poverty.

The last two chapters of Serjeant Ballantine's book are devoted to the record of the end of "duelling" and "prize-fighting" in England. Duelling was stamped out by the case of two young men, seconds to crack-brained young fellows, who fired at each other till one was shot dead one fine morning in the spring-tide of 1860. The seconds were found guilty, sentence of death "recorded," and they were locked up for many months. It was the last of duelling, and no man ever thinks now to send or to accept a challenge to shoot at another. Society has not receded in consequence. On the contrary, in public and in private life there is a purer and better condition of things, and the only wonder now is, how some men could stand up to be shot down (as was too frequently the case) by others who had first wronged them and then practised to murder

them. Prize-fighting kept its hold upon the masses later on. Many of our readers will remember the accounts given in the newspapers not very many years ago of the fight between Tom Sayers and the Benecia Boy for the championship of England and America. For two long hours these men battered each other, inflicting wounds that made their faces like mummies, and crippling each other, till the infuriated mass broke through the ring and a general fight prevailed, which was stopped with difficulty by an armed force. To this day the actual victor has not been proclaimed—each claims the championship—but what is infinitely better, public opinion has proclaimed that there must be an end of this barbarous amusement, and it is accordingly ended.

We have not left ourselves room to speak of Serjeant Ballantine's suggestions on the treatment of criminals, on the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal, and on banishment for certain aggravated offences. Perhaps it is just as well that we could not touch such topics at the end of an article intended chiefly to refer to the lighter topics of the book. We may well devote a separate article to such important subjects, and we shall. What we have written will, we hope, place the book on the table of our legislators, lawyers, and thoughtful readers of every condition. It will be useful to all.



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